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Y SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

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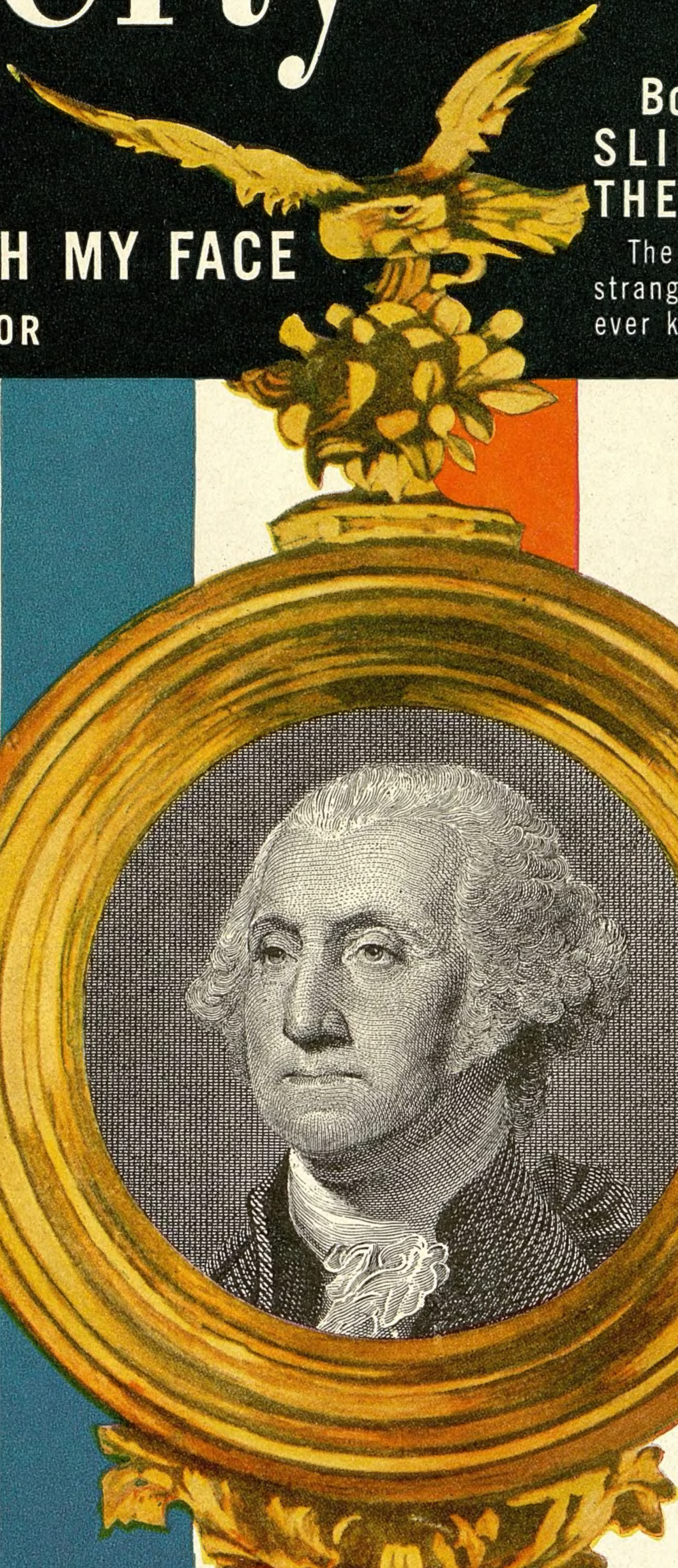

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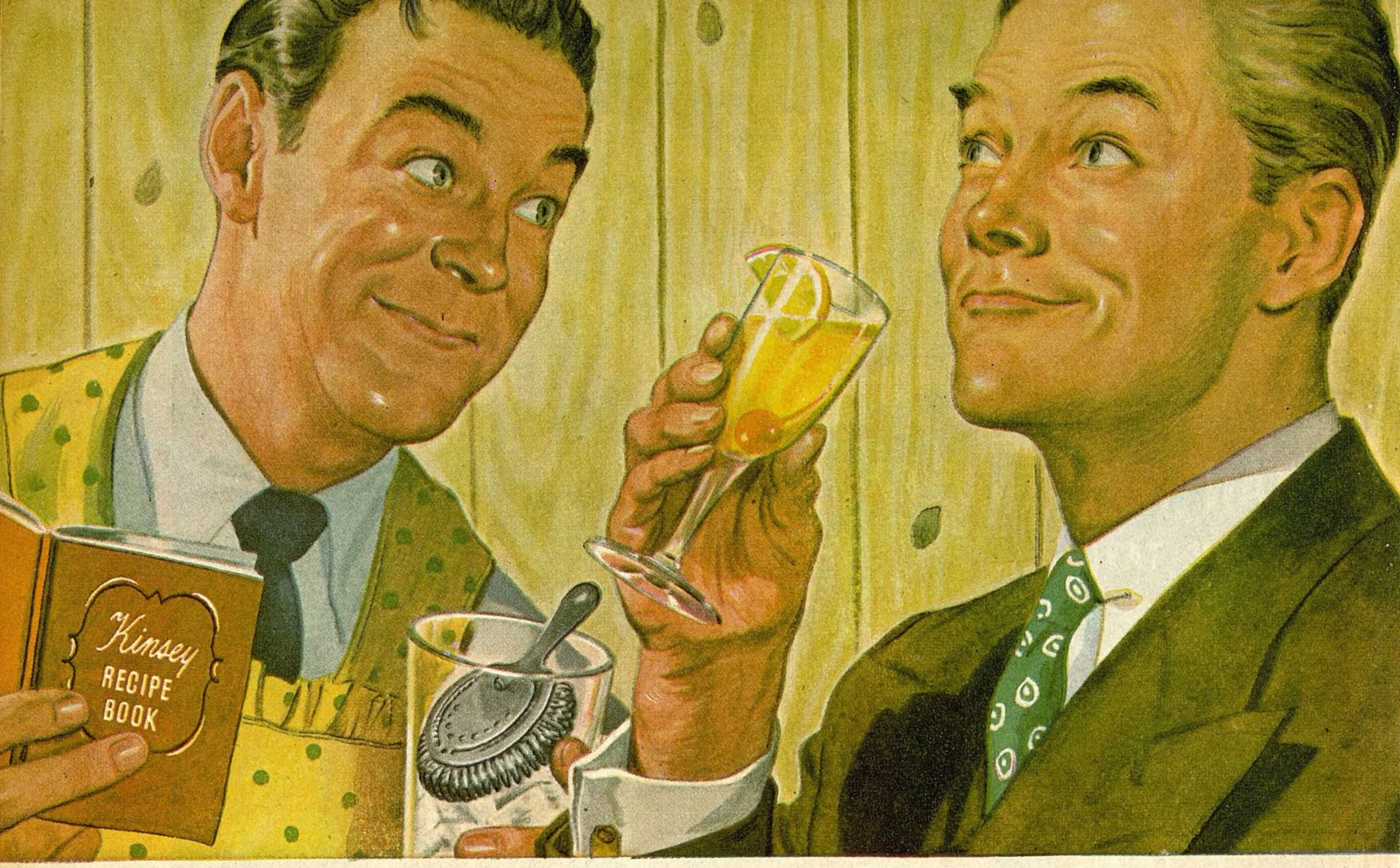
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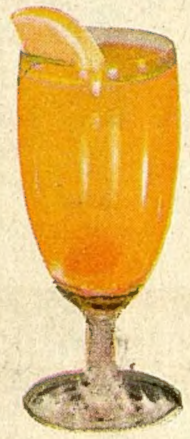

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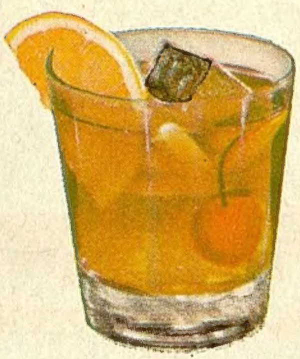

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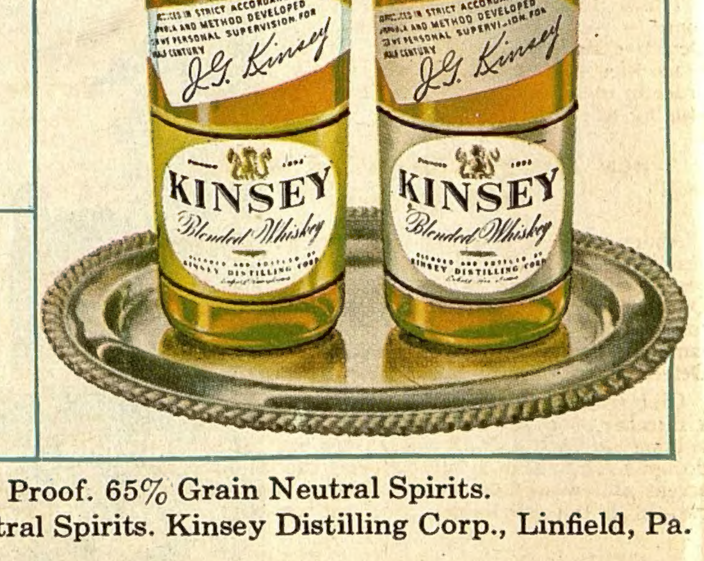
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Spencer Tracy, the actors' actor, the people's actor, gives a most sensitive performance as lonely Cass who found himself through a chance meeting with Jinny from the other side of town.

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Needless to say, Lana Turner plays the chance meeting. And plays it in a manner that merits serious consideration of her as a great actress.

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Jinny finds certain distractions in her new life among the upper crust. And Zachary Scott as the distraction is excellently cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Indeed, the entire film is a credit to all concerned—the director, George Sidney, the producer, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and the over-all entrepreneur, M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★

Through novelization, serialization and reprint 17,000,000 readers are familiar with the story of "Cass Timberlane". The circulation of the film will be wide-spread, its popularity unquestioned.

★ ★ ★ ★

Honorable mentions to Tom Drake, Mary Astor, Albert Dekker in the fine cast, to Donald Ogden Stewart (for the screen play) and Sonya Levien (who collaborated with Mr. Stewart on the adaptation of the novel).

★ ★ ★ ★

It will suit you to a "T".

★ ★ ★ ★

Tracy, Turner, Timberlane!

—Leo

Liberty ★ CONTENTS ★

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Cover by Gordon E. Jones

Engraving from a painting by Gilbert Stuart

The March issue will appear Wednesday, February 18

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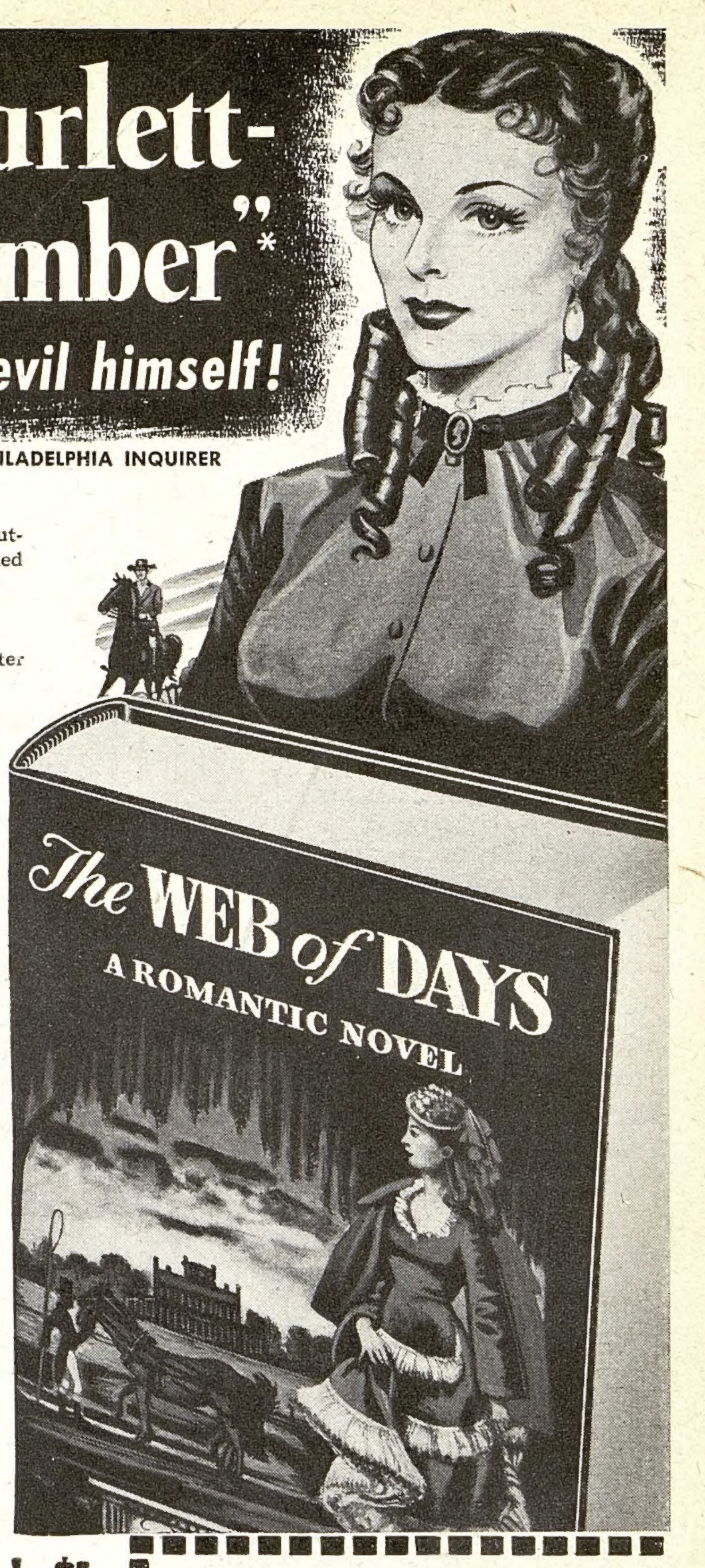
"Seductive as Scarlett-ambitious as Amber"*

... and a match for the devil himself!

*PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER



... MEET HESTER SNOW
Young Yankee schoolmarm, whose feminine charms suddenly flamed in the sinister decay of a once-proud Southern plantation.

... and the Lord of "Seven Chimneys"
Ruthless, dissolute St. Clair Le Grand, whose first two wives met with mysterious deaths.

... and his half-brother Roi
Handsome, romantic Roi Le Grand, an outcast from Seven Chimneys, who contested St. Clair for Hester's love.

... and the dusky-skinned "Tawn"
Beautiful ex-slave who exerted a sinister power over St. Clair and hated Hester.

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HESTER SNOW came to Seven Chimneys to be governess to the only son of an old Georgia plantation family. But in this huge and eerie mansion, set in the midst of a decaying island estate, Hester found that passion, greed and cruelty held sway. St. Clair Le Grand, arrogant, perverted, whip-wielding master of the thousand acres, calmly watched his wife drink herself into forgetfulness while he coveted Hester. Old Madame Le Grand, fat and helpless and greedy, stuffed herself with sweets and kept her sinister secrets in the faded drawing-room. Roi Le Grand, barred from the house, stole embraces from Hester that stirred her to her depths but left her troubled and suspicious. Tawn, the velvety-eyed wench who occupied the overseer's house threatened Hester with "conjur."

Why did Hester stay? What determined Hester to be mistress of Seven Chimneys—even if it meant bearing St. Clair a son? Why did she remain ever a challenge and a taunt to Roi, even though she gave herself to another man?

Read Edna Lee's sensational new novel "The Web of Days"—soon to be a great movie—a historical romance so unusual, with a heroine so new and captivating, that you'll thrill to every page! We'll mail you a copy for just a 3c stamp if you accept this offer of FREE membership in the Dollar Book Club.

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- **Unconquered** by Neil H. Swanson. The thrilling new tale of love and adventure when America was young—the best-seller on which the sensational movie is based.
- **Gentleman's Agreement** by Laura Z. Hobson. The sensational best-seller about an amazing masquerade—and its blasting consequences!

EVERY other month you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called The Bulletin. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, or neither. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each.

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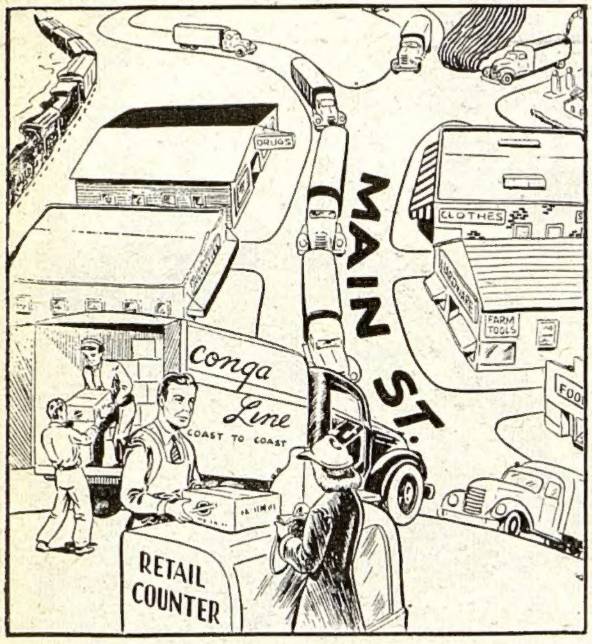
LITTLE MAN IN THE MIDDLE



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Liberty ★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Today's Special: Roast Shane

WASHINGTON, VA.—
Oh, Teddy Shane, poor Teddy Shane,
Why charge your ulcers to Southern cooking?
Why don't you come in out of the rain
And say 'twas moonshine, with no one looking?
—*D. Lyle Miller, "cockeyed" puzzle hound.*

COVINGTON, LA.—When I read the skit on Southern cooking (I Hate Southern Cooking, December), I got mad and kept getting madder until I cooled down enough to reason it out.

"Aw, shucks," I said (that's Southern philosophy), "he's jes' lost his temper because he found out that people could work his cranky old puzzles, and the reason he lost his temper was because he got indigestion from eating so much of that damyankee cooking, and that's why he can't enjoy good ole Suthun cooking!" —*Lela F. McMillan.*

MEMPHIS, TENN. — Someone just advised me that he thought Ted Shane was the man who wrote the crazy Crossword Puzzles. If this is true, there is no question at all in my mind regarding his sanity.—*Thomas B. Moore.*

PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.—Now, I am not an indignant Southern gentleman doing my utmost to uphold the honor of the South, but a good Michigan Yankee who happens to enjoy Southern cooking very much. For Mr. Shane's information, there are a good many *good* Southern restaurants in which the prices, I am sure, are very little higher than the ones he frequented. Next time, try the good ones, Mr. Shane.—*Pfc. Donald C. Bradley, U. S. M. C.*

LYNCHBURG, VA. — I don't know about the other Southern states, but if Ted Shane is ever down this way again, he'd better fly over, because I'd take great pleasure in shooting him in the pants with my father's duck gun loaded with black-eyed peas. — *Jean Bragassa.*

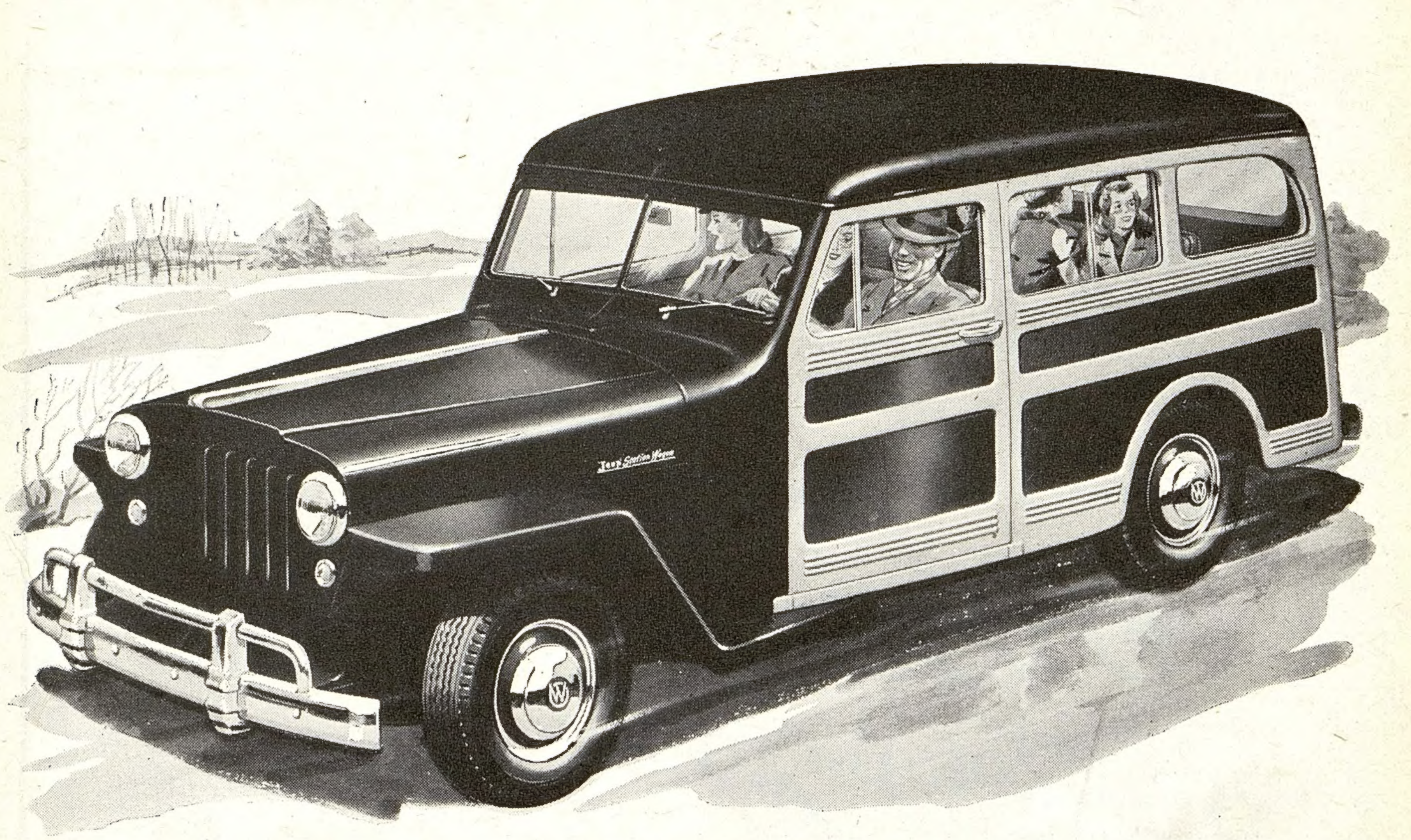
ATLANTA, GA.—I shall excuse your remarks, Ted Shane, because I assume that your experience was largely in public eating places. When you really know Southern cooking, you will never eat anywhere else. If you will show me one place that ever cooked peas in pot likker, I will pay your expenses down here. —*T. L. Thompson.*

MANCHESTER, TENN.—I wonder if Duke Shane could explain this to me: If Southern cooking is so bad, why does it produce the prettiest women on earth—Miss America, again, again, and again?

And it was the Southern men, raised on Southern cooking, who served in World War II with General Patton who

(*Continued on page 8*)

One Car for Both Work and Play

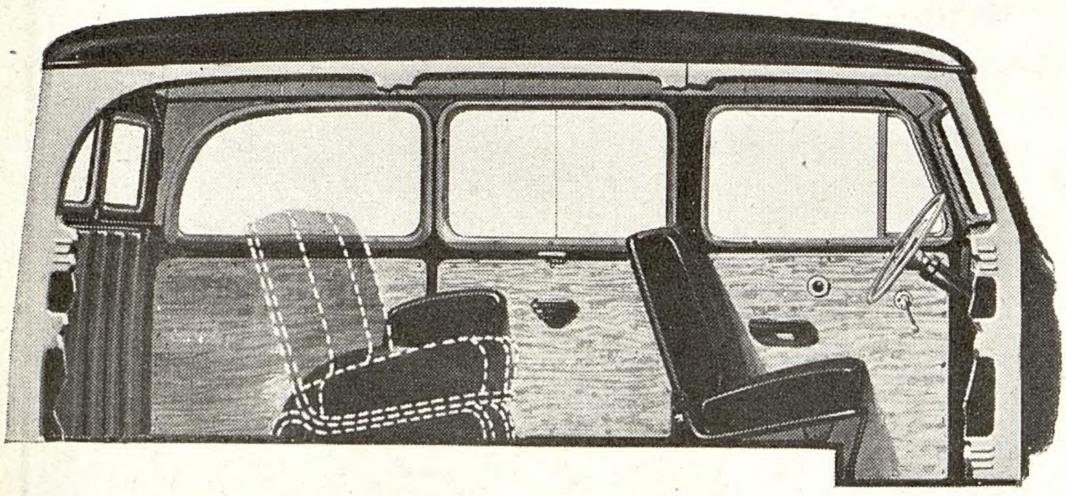


For the man who wants a new family car he can drive with pride—and needs a utility vehicle for hauling—the sensible, money-saving buy is the "Jeep" Station Wagon.

It is a smooth-riding passenger car that seats six adults in roomy comfort. Remove the seats and you have a vehicle that hauls big, bulky loads on its wood-slatted steel floor.

The "Jeep" Station Wagon has an all-steel body and top for greater safety and a long-lasting finish. Its world-famous "Jeep" Engine with over-drive saves you money on gasoline and oil.

Let your Willys-Overland dealer show you the many features of the double-utility "Jeep" Station Wagon.



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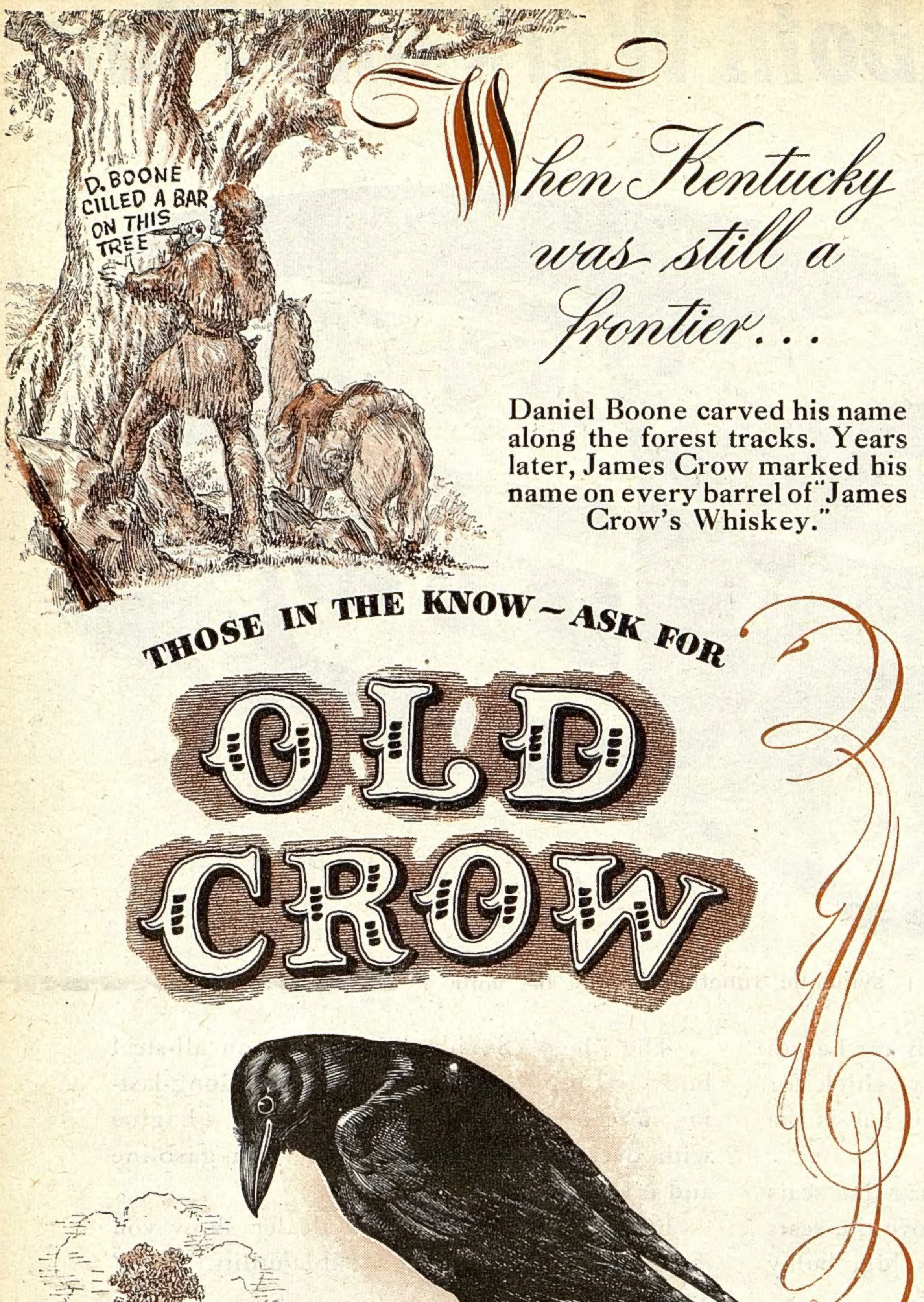

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★ VOX POP ★

(*Continued from page 6*)

spearheaded the drive into Germany and the Bulge and turned the tide of that war. —*J. L. Shelton.*

PERRY, GA.—I once knew a woman from Chicago who said her favorite food was tripe. I knew another who was very fond of scrapple—a dish made from stale bread crumbs and left-over meat, she told me. I know a Yankee who gets drunk and beats his wife. All right! Let's assume, then, that all Yankees are drunkards and wife-beaters and live on a diet consisting of tripe and scrapple. Silly, isn't it? So was Ted Shane's article.—*Mrs. G. E. Watson.*

HOUSTON, TEXAS—We don't think Ted Shane stops anywhere to eat except in roadside juke joints. We don't think Ted Shane knows anything about food anyway. His disparaging remarks about our pot likker reflect an ignorance of fine food that we find typical of Yankees. If Mr. Shane is bright enough to respond to a little missionary work, we would like to refer him to some of our better places where he could find such Southern delicacies as fried corn pone, stewed coon and collards, possum and sweet potatoes, and occasionally diamondback rattlesnake with fresh green onions.—*F. Bert Wheeler.*

Coming—in the near future: an article in Liberty giving the Southern view of Northern cooking. We've got to do it or brother will be fighting brother all over again!—VOX POP EDITOR.

Liberty Always Is

WUPPERTAL, GERMANY—Just a few lines to congratulate you on the most interesting magazine I have ever seen. I chanced to find a copy today in our recreation room in this hospital, in which I am a patient. It was a very comforting find.—*S. O. Button.*

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WRITE BETTER LETTERS: Can you put your ideas across "on paper"? This section of the Handbook covers: a plan to improve letters; compiling a correspondence manual; letter-appraisal chart; tone and spirit of the letter; how to answer an inquiry; letters refusing requests; letters to revive inactive accounts; letters that build goodwill; how to answer complaints; legal aspects of business letters; mechanics of the letter; special forms of address; dictionary of correct usage.

HOW TO SELL BY DIRECT MAIL: What products can be sold? What are the steps in planning direct-mail selling? Here is expert guidance on: selecting lists; types of direct mail; self-question chart of direct advertising; testing direct mail; how to record results; how to get and build mailing lists; how to write sales letters.

HELPFUL FACTS ABOUT ADVERTISING: Facts for small advertisers; developing demand; how to work with an advertising agency; fixing the advertising appropriation; selecting the right media; testing your advertising; how to design and register a trade-mark; copyright procedure; printing and typography.

MANAGING SALESMEN: If you are ever required to build and manage a sales force, turn to the Handbook for useful facts on: determining sales territories; sales quotas; recruiting and selecting salesmen; equipping, training and compensating salesmen.

SALES CONTRACTS AND FORMS: Essentials of a contract; when a sales contract must be in writing; forms of contracts for sale of merchandise; conditional sales contracts; lease agreement; miscellaneous clauses in sales contracts; contracts appointing agents for sale of merchandise; miscellaneous clauses in agency agreements; contracts employing salesmen; special provisions in salesmen's contracts; foreign trade definitions.

HINTS ON BUYING MERCHANDISE: Buying the right thing; how to standardize specifications; buying the right amount at the right place, at the right time, at the right price; procedure for handling and analyzing bids; requisitions and purchase orders; receiving and inspecting incoming goods; checking invoices; stores and inventory control.

HOW TO MANAGE AN OFFICE: Do the little details of office routine "throw" you? Here is a commonsense road-map to follow when you need help on: planning and maintaining the office for efficiency; equipment, files and appliances; making office procedure function smoothly; economies in the use and printing of forms; hiring and training new employees.

HOW TO CHECK CREDITS AND INCREASE COLLECTIONS: Sources of credit information; Dun & Bradstreet reports; special agency reports; credit interchange; salesmen, attorneys and banks as credit reporters; law relating to checks, notes, drafts or bills of exchange; how to write letters granting or refusing credit; how to write collection letters; collection reminders; form collection letters.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THOSE WHO OWE YOU MONEY: Collection of a claim by suit on the unpaid obligation; out-of-court agreements; assignment for benefit of creditors; equity receiverships; voluntary or involuntary petition in bankruptcy; corporate reorganizations; wage earners' plans.

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS: Do you know how to read a balance sheet? The handbook tells you the meaning of: current assets; fixed assets or fixed capital; tangible fixed assets; investments; deferred charges; current liabilities; fixed liabilities; deferred credits; contingent liabilities; reserves; capital stock; surplus.

BUSINESS INSURANCE: How to reduce the cost of ample insurance protection; law governing insurance policies; types of policies; fire, burglary, theft, robbery insurance; fidelity and surety bonds; credit insurance; miscellaneous coverages; business insurance; group insurance.

DIRECTORS, OFFICERS, STOCKHOLDERS: Law relating to directors; removal of director with or without cause; liability of director for acts beyond corporate powers; law relating to officers; liability of an officer for mismanagement; rights, liabilities of stockholders.

CORPORATE MEETINGS, MINUTES AND RESOLUTIONS: Preparations for meetings; stockholders' meetings; directors' meetings and committee meetings; how to keep minutes of meetings; parliamentary procedure.

PARTNERSHIPS: What a partnership agreement should contain; division of profits and losses among partners; liability of a secret partner; power of a partner to borrow money, collect debts, employ assistants, purchase and sell property; liability of an incoming partner; changing to a corporation.

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The BUSINESS EXECUTIVE'S HANDBOOK shows you the *most effective* ways to handle business matters of every description.

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SPECIAL GIFT—ACT NOW! In addition to the Handbook, you receive at once—FREE—a copy of **"OFFICE PRACTICES — THAT CUT COSTS,"** an ingenious "desk side" problem-solver, packed with tested ideas that you can put to work in *your* job. *Yours as a gift* if you mail coupon below *at once.*

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Please send me, for 10 days' free inspection, a copy of the Prentice-Hall BUSINESS EXECUTIVE'S HANDBOOK. Within 10 days I will either return it and owe nothing, or send you initial payment of $1.50 and then $2.00 a month for three months until the full price of $7.50 (plus postage) is paid.

FREE GIFT! I am also to receive AT ONCE—FREE—a copy of "OFFICE PRACTICES—THAT CUT COSTS" which is mine to keep no matter what I decide about the "Business Executive's Handbook."

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he's going places...
he's got P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Pipe Appeal is that distinctly masculine appearance of the man who smokes a pipe! And to get joy and comfort from their pipes, thousands and thousands of men fill them with Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco!

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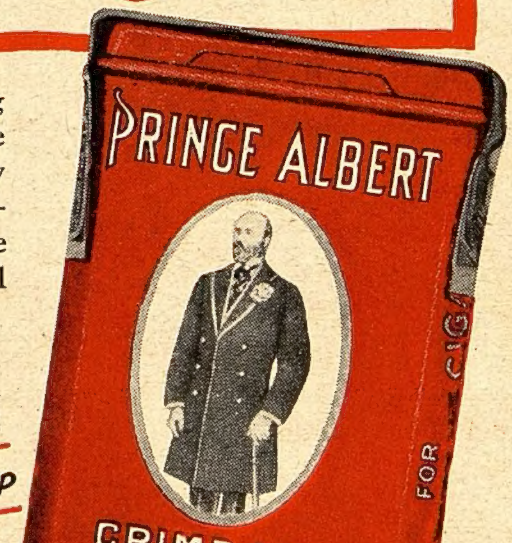
• Prince Albert is the largest-selling pipe tobacco in America. Its choice tobacco is rich tasting ... mild and easy on the tongue. P.A. is crimp cut—specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Try Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke!

CRIMP CUT P.A.'S GREAT FOR CIGARETTES TOO! ROLLS UP EASY—TASTES GRAND!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Liberty

★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

THIS issue introduces two new features to Liberty readers. One is Liberty's food department, edited by Beulah Karney, well-known food commentator for the American Broadcasting Co. and writer on food subjects for many years. Miss Karney assures us that she will approach the problem of food and the family budget head on, as this is bound to be one of the biggest problems facing the American home during the coming year.

On the lighter side, there is a new Ted Shane puzzle (page 14). It doesn't replace the Cockeyed Crossword—heavens, no! It is in answer to the insistent cries of Shane fans for an extra puzzle. We think you will find Shananagrams as baffling as the Cockeyed Crossword. We anticipate the usual complaints. You asked for it.

Incidentally, all you irate Southerners will want to turn to Vox Pop (page 6) for replies to Shane's recent blast against southern cooking.

IN perusing a Liberty of 20 years ago, we noticed that one Bill Lovegood of Allentown, Pa., took time out to write Vox Pop in a January, 1928, issue: "I think the two greatest pests in this country are Liberty Magazine and my girl."

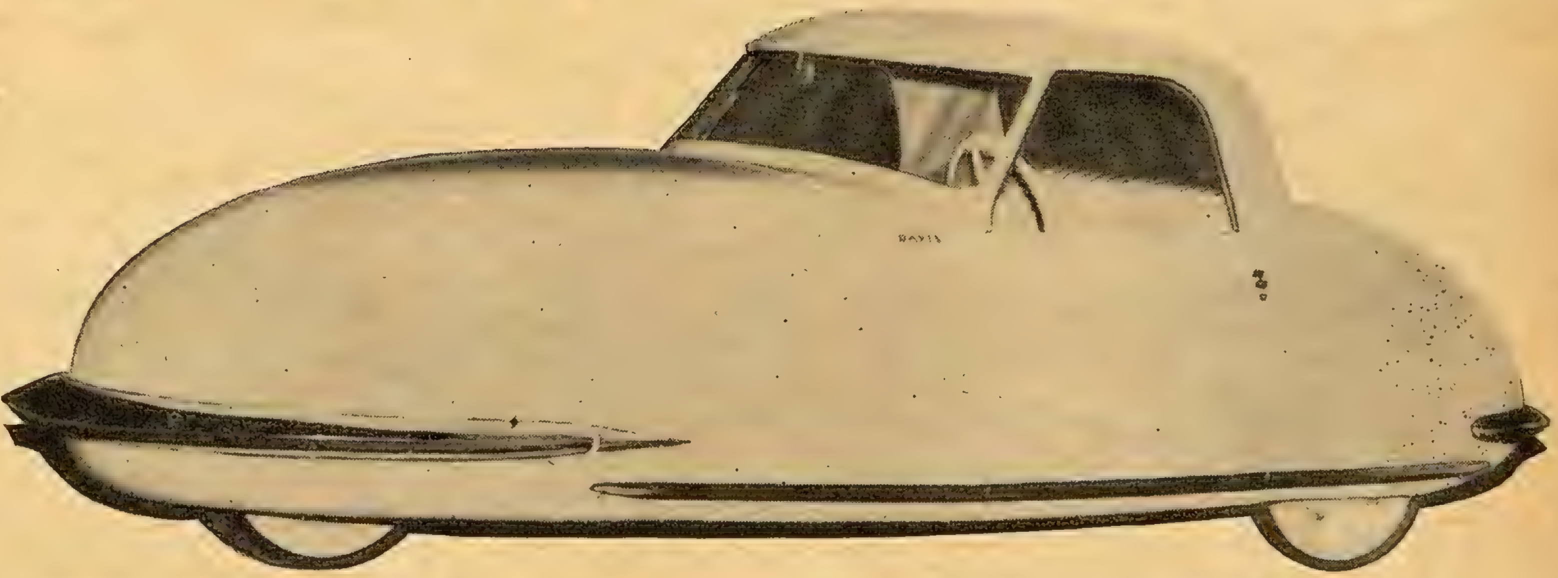
What'll you wager he married the girl anyway—and still reads Liberty?

THE March Liberty will have the usual assortment of features, fiction, pictures, and articles—hand-picked for your personal delight and edification. You'll want to get further along into Sam Taylor's fascinating serial, The Man with My Face. There'll be provocative articles and picture stories to take you to enchanted lands and places, and to introduce you to the world's most interesting people. It adds up to the biggest dime's worth on the newsstands—and, incidentally, almost the *only* dime magazine left.—D. B.

ANNOUNCING

A "NEW ERA IN MOTORING"

THE DAVIS

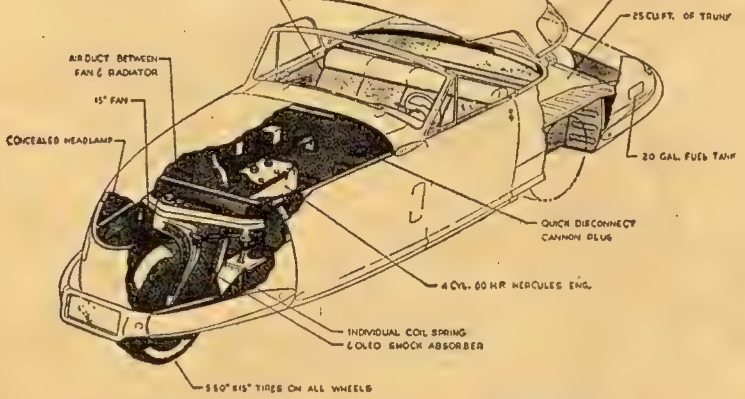


Tomorrow's car today!

Only after 400,000 miles of road-testing and exhaustive mechanical and engineering proofs, was THE DAVIS ready to be offered to you as the answer to your transportation needs.

Just imagine—a full-size automobile

With 60 horse power engine built by Hercules Motors—108 inch wheel base—bumper to bumper a full 15 feet—64 inch seat with 72 inch overall width—one-piece 72 inch windshield of shatter-proof plate glass—3 wheel Milan aircraft hydraulic brakes— 4 point coil spring suspension—total weight 1385 lbs.—aluminum panels and top are removable—spring steel bumper fore and aft—no fenders—center of gravity 18 inches above static ground lines in center of seat—hydraulic Oleo shock absorbers—capable of 100 miles an hour or more—gas consumption 35 to 50 miles per gallon.


ALUMINUM CONVERTIBLE TOP
64" 4 PASSENGER SEAT
AIR DUCT BETWEEN FAN & RADIATOR
15" FAN
CONCEALED HEADLAMP
SPARE WHEEL
25 CU.FT. OF TRUNK
20 GAL. FUEL TANK
QUICK DISCONNECT CANNON PLUG
4 CYL. 60 H.P. HERCULES ENG.
INDIVIDUAL COIL SPRING & OLEO SHOCK ABSORBER
5.50" x 15" TIRES ON ALL WHEELS

DAVIS D-2.

For all your needs.

No matter what use your car serves—THE DAVIS is the answer. Airway styling—a multitude of safety features—unheard of operating economies—comfortable seating for four adults plus driving ease such as has never before been known—all contribute to THE DAVIS as the answer to the family car or the utility automobile which everyone can afford and enjoy.

Why three wheels?

Only after capable aircraft engineers were able to prove that this design would give perfect balance, maneuverability, and stability, was THE DAVIS produced. The aircraft industry had proven that the tricycle gear could withstand the terrific shock of heavy bomber and passenger plane landings, as well as providing the balance necessary for high-speed take-offs and landings. Most important of all, is the ease offered in handling THE DAVIS in traffic and in parking. THE Davis has actually travelled 45 miles per hour in a 13 ft. circle without any tendency to upset. Greater proof of stability has never been offered in any car.

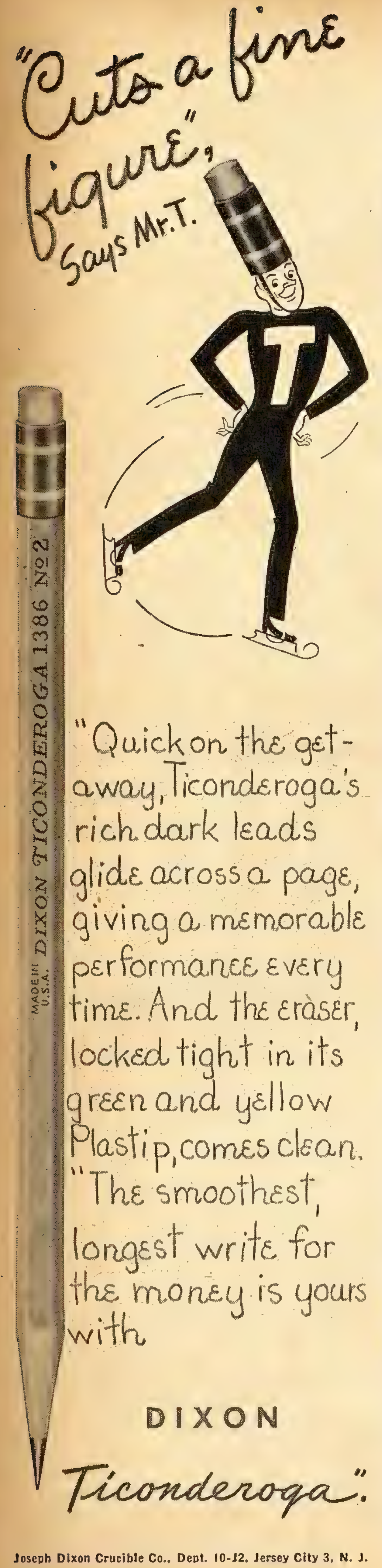
The price factor.

THE DAVIS, a full-size automobile, will sell for approximately $995.00 F.O.B. Los Angeles (delivered price slightly higher EAST of Rockies). Dealers are now readying their showrooms to introduce you and your family to THE DAVIS and the "new era in motoring". Be sure that you avail yourself of the opportunity of driving a motoring miracle. See THE DAVIS and *all* the proof of engineering genius.

Distributors and dealers are now being considered for territories. To insure your participation, write today for full information.

DAVIS MOTOR CAR COMPANY

8055 WOODLEY AVENUE
VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA


"Cuts a fine figure," Says Mr. T.

"Quick on the get-away, Ticonderoga's rich dark leads glide across a page, giving a memorable performance every time. And the eraser, locked tight in its green and yellow Plastip, comes clean. "The smoothest, longest write for the money is yours with

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Ticonderoga".

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J2, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Liberty ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ RECORDS ★

ABOUT SMALL GROUPS

SONGS BY FRANK SINATRA
Seymour

BY FRANK SINATRA, Columbia Records Artist

SOME of the biggest news in the music world today is being made by small combinations. There's hardly a juke-box or disk-jockey show that doesn't feature the platters of great little groups like the **Ink Spots.** Latest waxing by this foursome features When You Come to the End of the Day, popular almost 20 years ago. It gets a bright new arrangement here, with a particularly good tenor treatment by Billy Kenny. On the reverse is I'll Lose a Friend Tomorrow, a typical Ink Spots ballad complete with talking interlude. (Decca 24261; list price, 75 cents.)

A recent coupling by the **Modernaires** shows how effectively a really fine group can handle two such completely different moods as those voiced in Jingle Bell Polka and The Whistler. Top side, an original by Hal Dickinson, is a bright, cheerful tune set to two-beat tempo that tells the story of a sleigh ride in the sun. On the reverse is the theme song of the well-known radio show, a strange melody whose eeriness is heightened by the use of an echo chamber. Background music for both sides is supplied by the Lou Bring orchestra. (Columbia 37980; list price. 75 cents.)

When a bunch of star performers get into a carefree, playful mood, most anything can happen. In the case of Ja-Da and Three O'Clock Jump, the result is some swell up-to-the-minute jazz that may well make this record a collector's item. On the first side, songstar Peggy Lee plays drums, guitarist Dave Barbour blows a trumpet, arranger Paul Weston plays hot clarinet, Red Norvo is at the piano, and Frank DeVol, who never touched the instrument previously, is featured on string bass à la Slam Stewart. Turnover is a series of blue riffs with vocalist Hal Derwin playing guitar, trumpeters Bobby Sherwood and Billy May blowing trombones, altoist Benny Carter on tenor, tenorman Eddie Miller on alto, and arranger Dave Cavanaugh on baritone. (Capitol 15015; list price, 75 cents.)

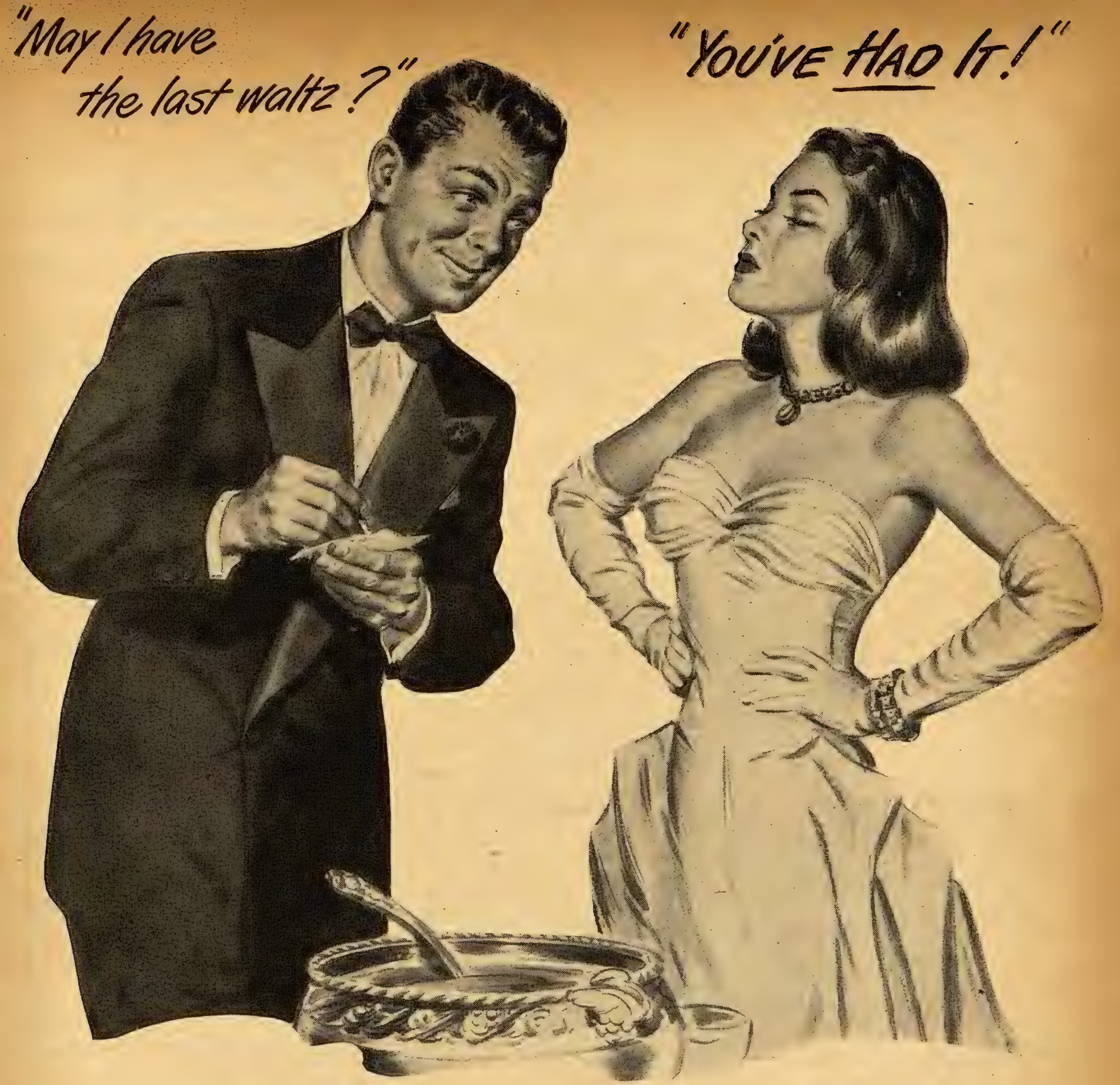
Also current and choice is an album by the **Delta Rhythm Boys.** There are eight good standards ranging from September Song to One O'clock Jump, with all benefiting from the imaginative arrangements and rich, well-blended voices of this quintet. (Victor P-133; list price, $3.40.)

A bit off the beaten path is a novelty biscuit by the **Polka Dots,** a harmonica foursome. The boys huff and they puff through Beer Barrel Polka and Bubble Gum Polka. The latter tribute to the kiddy craze boasts a deft dramatic touch—the sound of the bursting of a genuine bubble. (Musicraft 521; list price, 75 cents.)

It's been my pleasure, many times, to work with a really outstanding vocal team known far and wide as the **Pied Pipers.** It will be your pleasure, I believe, to listen to June Hutton, Hal Hopper, Chuck Lowry, and Clark Yocum as they give out with some close harmony on their current coupling of Lone Star Moon and Penny, aided by the ever dependable Paul Weston accompaniment. (Capitol 478; list price, 63 cents.)

There's been quite a bit of controversy about who should be credited, or blamed for the origination of "be bop." One of the claimants is Babs Gonzales, billed as the "foremost be bop word coiner," and author of a dictionary on the subject. For an enlightening sample lesson, listen to 1280 Special and Everything Is Cool, by the same **Babs, Three Bips and a Bop.** (Apollo 776; list price, 79 cents.)

Four of the all-time greats are brought together between the covers of a new album, Singing the Blues, and there's enough genius here to make anybody lick his chops for years to come. (Victor P-192; list price, $3.75.)


"May I have the last waltz?"
"You've HAD It!"

HE could scarcely believe his ears. This lovely girl was giving him the definite brush-off . . . not delicately or nicely, but downright rudely. Only a few hours before they had been introduced and he had fallen for her head-over-heels. At first she seemed to like him but then, after a dance or two, she openly showed her boredom and annoyance. He couldn't understand why. Poor guy . . . it just happened that the night he wanted to put himself in the best possible light he put himself in the worst.

Do You Take Chances?

You, yourself, may not know that you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath)*. You can be guilty one night and not the next. Anyone so dumb as to take a chance like this can't expect much consideration. He usually gets what's coming to him—a quick brush-off.

Isn't it just common sense to be extra careful that you don't offend this way? And be extra careful by using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning . . . especially before any date where you want to be at your best.

Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath fresher, sweeter, cleaner, and less likely to offend. It gives you a wonderful sense of greater assurance . . . a feeling that you will be welcome wherever you go.

Never, never, omit this delightful precaution. To a degree, it's your passport to popularity.

* While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

BEFORE ANY DATE
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
FOR ORAL HYGIENE

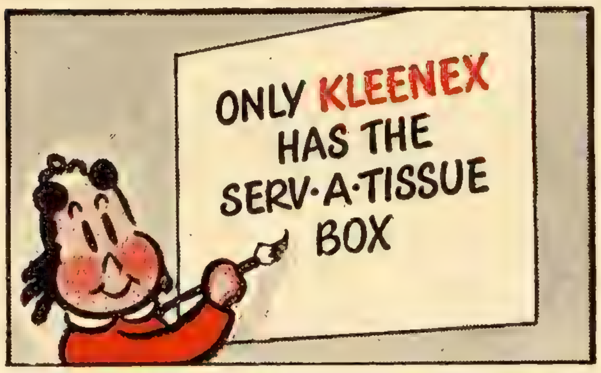
☛ IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?

DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET! – USE KLEENEX*
KLEENEX
TISSUES
marge

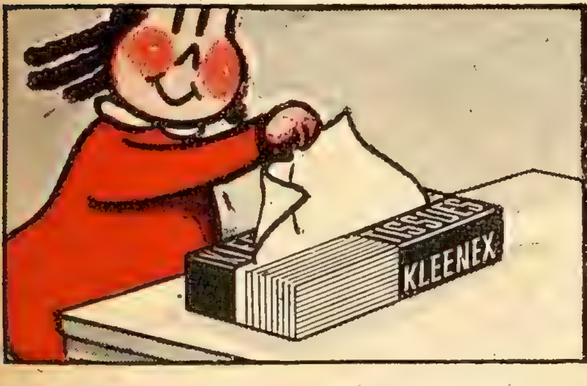
LITTLE LULU SAYS:

Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see that no other tissue gives you *all* the advantages of Kleenex.

America's Favorite Tissue


ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

With Kleenex you save time, trouble, tissues.


TISSUES
KLEENEX

Pull just one double tissue at a time.

KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX

Next one pops up ready for use!

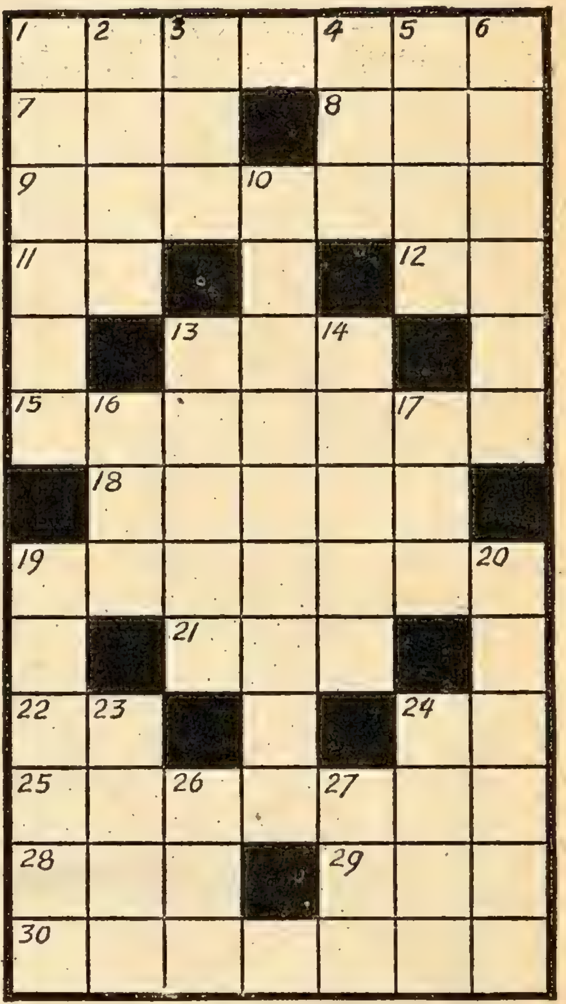
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

BY TED SHANE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ACROSS

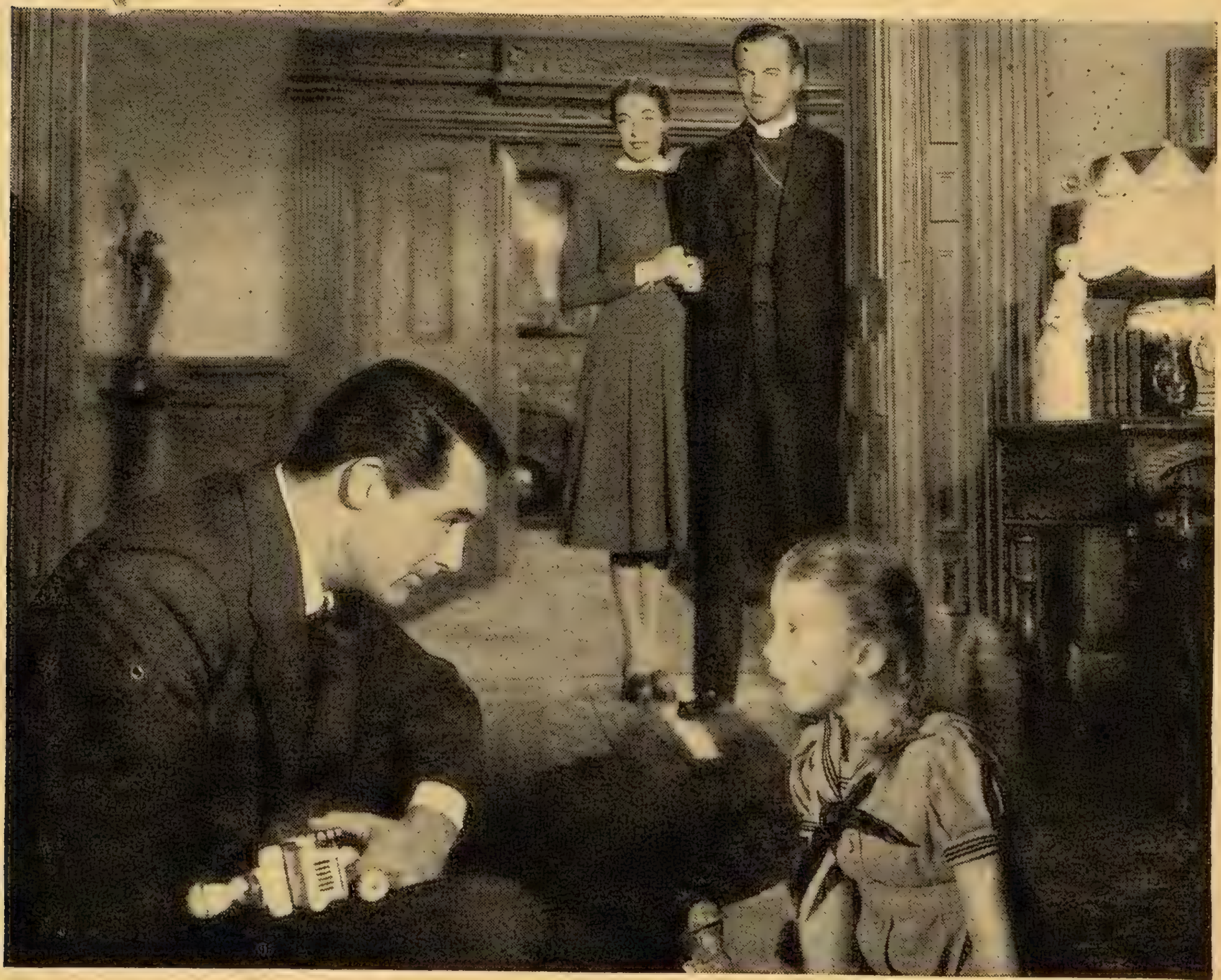
1 I, Martin, demand 2/3 gin, 1/3 vermouth, and a fair shake
7 World's best nonmilitary secret (fem.)
8 Ann is all mixed up
9 What noble may be investigated by the Un-American Committee?
11 Si is backward
12 Chinee deciglam
13 The little pig that went to market is known as Mr. What?
15 Tannhäuser made what star famous?
18 And what red's been long investigated in the world of science?
19 It repells (her sp.) my stenog, Miss Take
21 Girls hate to be called what?
22 Ahead of the game
24 Hogan of N. Y. C. is a what? (abbr.)
25 Turn ace into horse-man
28 Yak-yak for little Kitty!
29 Will Columbia now be known as Dr. —— U.?
30 The deeper the mixture of alcohol and gasoline, the deeper's his shame

DOWN

1 Remain, O leatherneck, in mare nostrums
2 Sage says they stretch from Neoplastic to Plastic
3 Think of a color! 100 to 1 it's this!
4 Write borrowing kin in red this
5 It's lain on digitips
6 Nine batty men, determined not to go out on strikes, come to naught at Gin Inn
10 Nickelnurser Fink's lint is precious; he saves even it
13 Big Czech the Reds've cashed in on
14 Pigtails, bubble gum, bobby sox, and squeals
16 Big Shot (abbr.)
17 How would Molotov say it in Edinburgh?
19 These, not names, break tibias
20 He shouts three r's amid vowels
23 Which tide is mudlow?
24 Who might be known as the female Manville?
26 If you yen for a laugh, read him
27 Europe's greatest need

WHAT AN IDEA FOR A PICTURE!

it's about an
out-of-this-world guy
with a worldly touch



THINK BACK. All the pictures you really remember had wonderful ideas behind them. The kind of ideas you found in "The Best Years of Our Lives". They are the kind of ideas which have made Samuel Goldwyn's pictures gather so many awards. In "The Bishop's Wife" he has another great picture with heart-warming ideas that are rich in humor, in emotion, and in understanding.

Watch for it . . . "The Bishop's Wife" will do some wonderful things . . . to *you!*

Samuel Goldwyn *presents*

CARY GRANT · LORETTA YOUNG · DAVID NIVEN

THE BISHOP'S WIFE

with **MONTY WOOLLEY**

JAMES GLEASON · GLADYS COOPER · ELSA LANCHESTER and THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR · Directed by HENRY KOSTER

Screen Play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD and LEONARDO BERCOVICI · From the Novel by ROBERT NATHAN · Released through RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.

THE LIP

Maurice Chevalier, back on America's stage and screen, is as captivating as ever. This will bring you up to date on him

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

IT was opening night on Broadway. The house lights dimmed, the low murmur of voices subsided to a tense expectancy. As an onstage piano played a reprise of nostalgically familiar tunes a jaunty figure in a midnight-blue tuxedo and a rakish straw hat strode out alone and faced his audience across the footlights. It was Maurice Chevalier—now 58.

Yet that night—and for seven full weeks thereafter—Chevalier accomplished something which had never been done before, and which the topmost stars of today would never—in their right minds—have dared to attempt. Alone on a stage, with only a satin backdrop, one balding pianist, and a few odds and ends of costume change, Chevalier held a sold-out house spellbound for two hours.

He grossed a nifty $26,000 his first week, and kept it up for the whole run. Furthermore, his success brought Hollywood on the run with a contract.

Perhaps the indefinable something that makes Chevalier the international star that he is, is best described by a brief conversation overheard in the lobby of the theater during the intermission of a matinee performance. "My dear," one woman said, "I thought I had forgotten all my school French—but I understood everything he was singing!" "Don't be silly," replied her companion. "I never spoke a word of French in my life, and I understood everything he was singing, too!"

Some doubt was cast upon the possibility of Chevalier making a success of his comeback here because of the rumors of "collaborationist charges" which had preceded him. The true story behind these charges has, oddly enough, never been published in America.

During the occupation of Paris, Chevalier was repeatedly "requested" to perform in Germany—and on his own terms. He rejected all offers. Otto Abetz, the Nazi military commander of Paris, finally insisted that Chevalier appear in Germany to entertain French conscripted workers there. Maurice refused on the grounds that such an engagement would imply an approval on his part of the conscription of French labor, which he refused to infer. He was later given no choice in the matter, but told that he must perform for French prisoners of war in Germany.

"All right," he said. "I spent twenty-six months as a German prisoner at Stalag Alten Grabow during the first World War. If I must perform in Germany, I will give one show at that P.O.W. camp."

"Fine," he was told. "What is your price?"

"The release of ten French prisoners," responded Chevalier.

A month later Chevalier gave his one performance at Alten Grabow and a week later the ten prisoners were duly released and returned to France. This is the only time that Chevalier entertained in Germany.

Right after the war Chevalier was approached by France's most famous Hollywood producer, René Clair, to make a new picture in Paris.

Chevalier may well be instrumental in the development of an entirely different technique in the internationalization of motion pictures. The so-called dubbing of the American sound track on his French picture is done in a vastly improved way.

The American version of the picture, which carries less dialogue and more pantomime than the French, opens with a short sequence in which Chevalier presents the picture in English. This establishes his voice. From there on in he gives a narration as the film progresses—much like a spoken subtitle.

If this proves successful as a new technique, it can be worked between any two given languages as well as between French and English, and may well facilitate the whole complicated business of international exchange of foreign-language pictures.

THE END

HESS

ROGER COSTER FROM RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

THEATRE TICKETS
PM
DE LUXE
THEATRE

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—PM presents
the show that's Pleasing Millions!
Here's two on the aisle for "The Perfect Mixer" . . .
Two right up front for the Positively Marvelous taste
that has the critics raving . . .
Yours for tonight! (and talk about stars,
if it isn't PM it isn't an evening!)

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

IT WILL MAKE *You* BELIEVE IN *Miracles!*

RUSSELL JANNEY'S
THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

Here is a *different* kind of love story—genuinely moving—filled with unshed tears, remembered laughter, burning dreams, and the bright and shining miracle that stirred the heart of all America!

Fred MacMurray, as tough-minded, kind-hearted Bill Dunnigan...cynic, dreamer, maker of stars!

BEST-SELLER! From the pages of Russell Janney's novel—so loved by millions, will thrill millions more on the screen!

Valli...whose glowing performance as Olga will make you say: "Here is a new and radiant star!"

Frank Sinatra plays Father Paul...with sincerity, deep humility and heart-touching warmth!

Jesse L. Lasky Productions, Inc.
presents
RUSSELL JANNEY'S

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

starring
FRED MacMURRAY
Valli
FRANK SINATRA
with
LEE J. COBB · HAROLD VERMILYEA

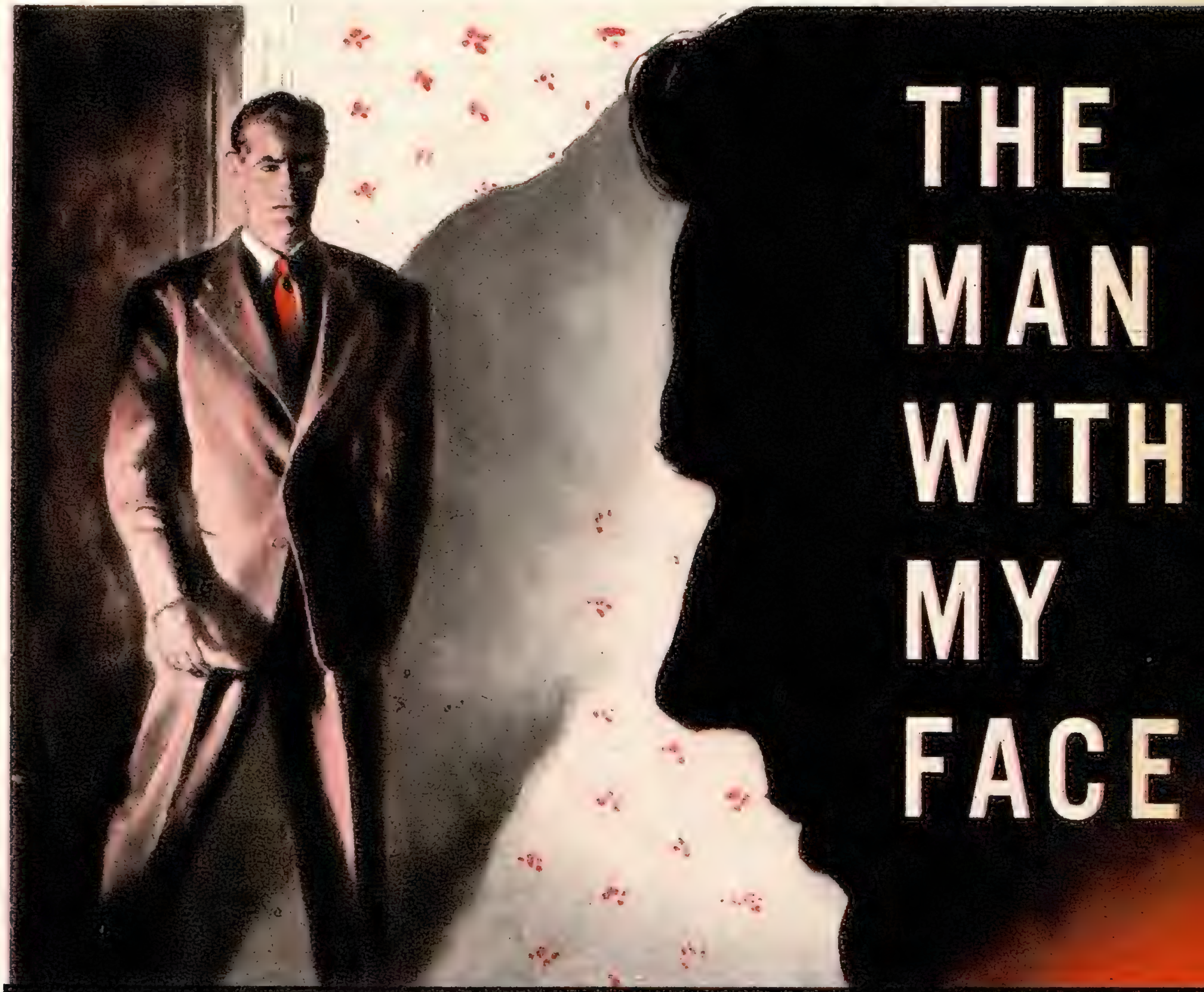
Released by RKO RADIO PICTURES

PRODUCED BY **JESSE L. LASKY** AND **WALTER MacEWEN** • DIRECTED BY **IRVING PICHEL** • SCREEN PLAY BY **BEN HECHT** AND **QUENTIN REYNOLDS**

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Beginning a tale of terror and intrigue unlike anything you ever read

THE MAN WITH MY FACE



I don't remember what I was going to say, because a man came in wearing my suit, my hair, my face, and even my ears.

GEISEN

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART ONE

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

WEDNESDAY was just another day. The alarm went off at six, we got up, and Cora fixed breakfast while I shaved. We ate. She drove me to the station for the seven-twelve. In San Francisco, I walked from the station to the office for exercise, did the usual day's work, and that afternoon caught the five-twenty-nine back to Redwood City. And the day could have melted into the other days just like it, except that it was the last of its kind.

I swung off the train at six minutes past six with a swarm of other commuters. There was the usual bustle and confusion, horns honking, wives calling, "Jim—over here!" And I was craning my neck, looking for my tan car with Cora in it. Charles Graham, doing O.K., a partner in my own business, a G.I. house on a quarter acre out of town, a beautiful wife, a dog—that was me; the News in one pocket of my topcoat, a pound of butter in the other, a package of pork chops in my hand, listening for Cora's *beep-beep-be-beep-beep*, listening for her call, "Chick—over here!" That was me—I thought.

But pretty soon the others had made connections and I was standing alone. I didn't think too much of it. Cora had been late before. I went inside the station and dialed my home number. Cora answered.

"Hello."

"I'm at the station."

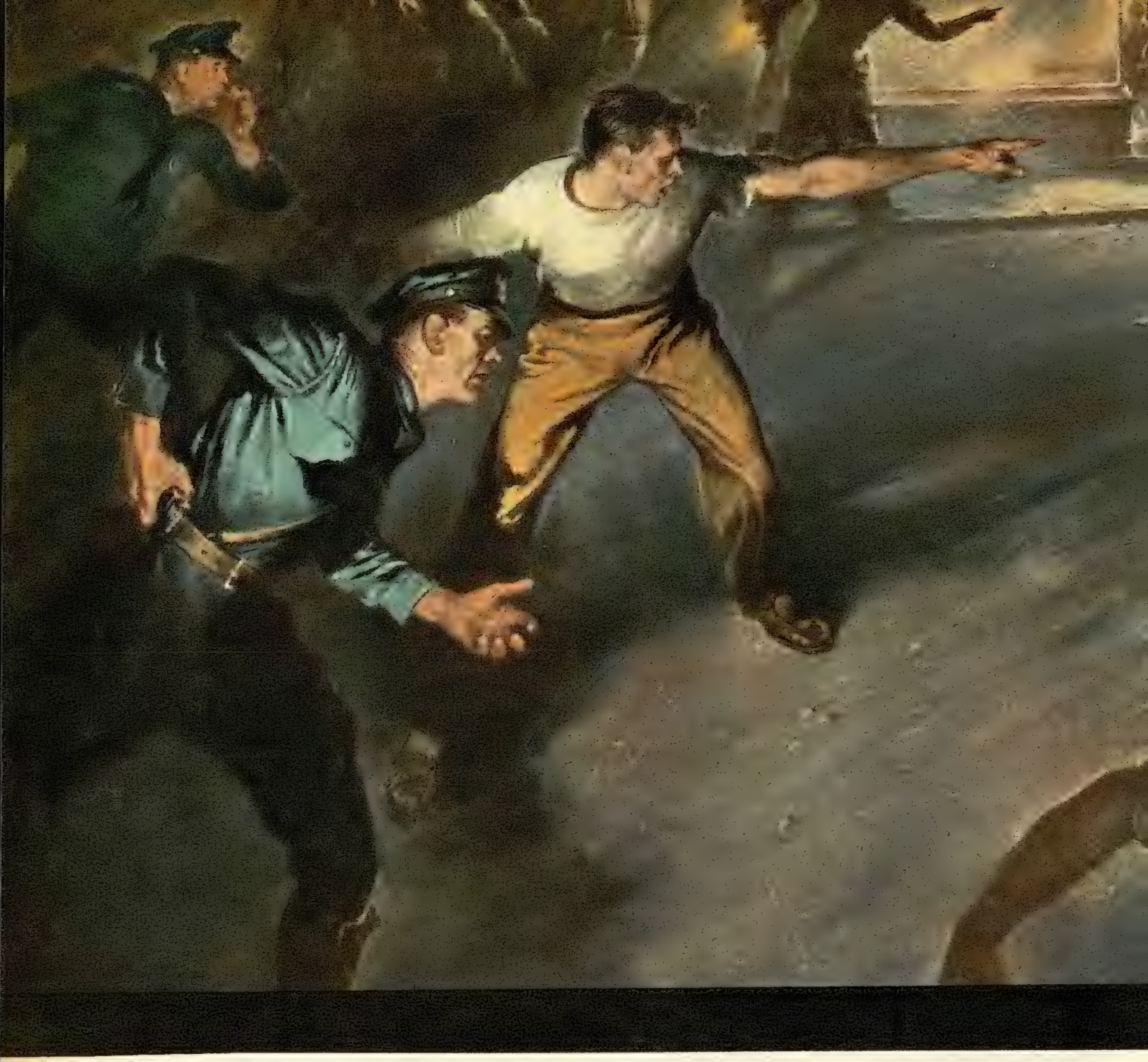
"What?"

"I'm waiting at the station."

There was a silence, then she said, "You're at the station? Who's speaking, please?"

"This is the Green Hornet."

"I'm sorry, I can't hear you. Horner, did



EISEN

you say? Do you have the right number?"

"Remember Chick Graham?"

"Yes," she said, "he's my husband."

"Then let's start from there. Mr. Graham is now at the station, waiting patiently for a ride home."

"What station?"

"It could be San Carlos or Atherton or Palo Alto, but tonight it just happens to be Redwood City."

"And who did you say was at the station, please?"

"Cut it out, Cora. Look. Buzz down here and pick me up or I'll spank your pretty bottom."

She hung up.

I waited around. The six-forty-five came in. No Cora. At seven o'clock I dialed home again.

"Hello," Cora's voice said.

"Say, what in hell's the matter? Is the car O.K., or what's the hold-up?"

"I don't believe I understand."

"Damn it, neither do I. How about getting down here?"

"Who's speaking, please?"

"Cut it out, Cora. If you don't want to come pick me up, I'll take a taxi. Just say so."

"Are you sure you have the right number? What number are you calling?"

"LOOK. After supper, yes—I'll play games. But let's get me home and a little something under the belt, huh?"

"Just a moment, please." And I heard her voice faintly, as she turned from the phone: "I think it's the same guy."

"What does he want?" a man's voice said.

"He wants me to come down and pick him up."

"Is he drunk?"

"How do I know?"

"Let me talk to him," the man's voice said, and then it came directly into my ear over the wire: "Just what do you want, pal?"

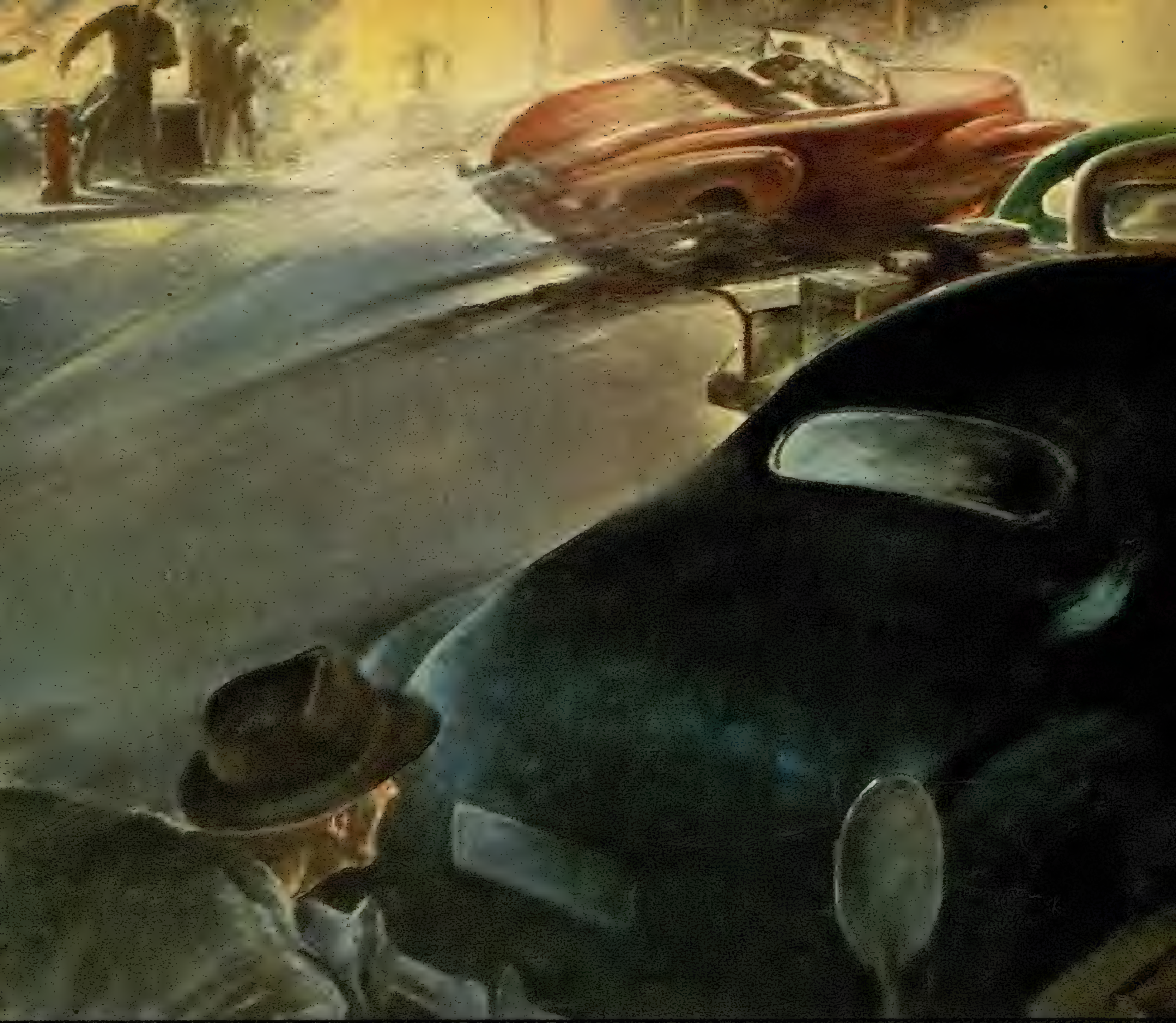
"Look, Mac, let's not go too far. I'm laughing, see? You're a card. I've got a marvelous sense of humor. But I'm hungry."

"You've got the wrong number. This is Emerson 6-6217."

"You don't say? Not a man named Chick Graham lives there, by any chance?"

"Speaking."

"Oh," I said. "I'm speaking to Chick Graham."



I slipped into the car and gunned away. I was shifting into second when the guy found his voice. The cop hit the pavement at a run.

"That's right. And what do you want, pal?"

"Nothing at all," I said. "If I'm talking to myself, there's no use pursuing it."

"He's drunk," the voice said, turning from the phone. "Hey, Buster! Is this one of your deals?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die," Buster's voice called.

I hung up. So Buster was there. Buster was my business partner, and I'd been with him at the office all day. He hadn't said a word about driving down the Peninsula this evening. Unless something was up, he should have given me a ride. He might have run into some joker we knew in the army. Or maybe it was Cora's cousin from Los Angeles, Herb Cotter. I'd never met him.

Fine; so it was a rib. Well, I had the butter and the pork chops. Let them fry awhile. I walked over to Broadway and ate dinner at the Campus Creamery. Then I noticed there was a pretty good show on at the Sequoia, so I took that in.

I left after the first feature. After all, I'd squeezed my side of the joke far enough.

As I stood outside the theater waiting for a taxi to come along, I noticed a man sitting across the street on the courthouse steps, a dog beside him, a big brown Doberman. I remembered that when I'd come out of the station after phoning, the man had been looking at the schedule of northbound trains on the station wall. He was a tall man in a leather zipper jacket, vaguely familiar, and I'd said hello. When I'd come out of the Campus Creamery the man and the dog had been a half block down the street, the man looking in a store window.

A taxi came along and I went home. I live three miles out of town, and it cost me a dollar and a half.

When I walked in, Cora looked at me sharply. The card table was set up in the living room. She was seated at it with Buster and Ethelene, Buster's wife. The fourth chair was vacant, a hand of cards face down on the table before it, a highball glass beside the cards.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I was hungry and I guess I got sore."

Buster looked blankly from me to the door leading into the hall. He had a round innocent face, which now showed something akin to honest perplexity. "Did you go out the

(Continued on page 61)

No war with Russia yet!

War with Russia is NOT imminent.

That is the considered belief of our most authoritative ci-ilian and military leaders. Of the more than a score inter-iewed, every one expressed that conviction. Most of them, owever, added these reservations:

That with relations as strained and tense as they are be-ween the United States and Russia there is always the danger hat an explosive situation might develop at one of the numer-us danger spots in Europe and the Far East that could touch ff an armed conflict. That eventual war "in our time" is likely, nless the Kremlin rastically moderates s provocative tactics nd policy. Probably he most significant pinions on the imminence of war were recently expressed rivately by George Kennan, head of Secretary of State Mar-hall's inner policy-making staff, and our three key ambas-adors in Europe—Lewis Douglas, London, Walter Bedell mith, Moscow, and Robert Murphy, Berlin. The three diplo-ats talked to President Truman. Kennan gave is views to a group of newspaper editors.

The three ambassadors told the President their onviction was based primarily on one factor—ussia's present inability to wage major military perations. Kennan also discounted any immediate danger f war, on the same ground. He further pointed out these gnificant facts to the editors:

It is traditional Russian strategy to talk loud and tough. he name-calling of Molotov, Vishinsky and Gromyko is othing new. Czarist governments pursued similar tactics a ntury before Communism was heard of. One Czar threatened behead a British ambassador. Further, the Red rulers actu-lly are afraid of big wars. They try to ride them out in the elief they can gain their ends by internal chaos and revolu-on. Kennan cited the Soviets' pact with Hitler as an instance f this. Russia did not fight until attacked by the Nazis. remlin dialecticians, Kennan said, are firmly convinced that shattering depression is certain in the United States in a w years, and that all Russia has to do is to wait until that ccurs and then she can get her way without fighting.

The emphasis placed on Russia's unpreparedness as the rincipal deterrent to an early war was one of the two key oints that emerged from the discussions with the authorities nterviewed. The other was the equally emphatic and unani-ous belief of both civilian and military heads that world omination is the underlying motif of Kremlin policy and actics.

As one high-placed official, who has had extensive firsthand ealings with Soviet leaders, expressed it: "This controlling olicy of world domination has very little to do with Com-unism. Communism is only an ideological cloak to lure and eguile the masses and to create disruptive and hostile forces the midst of opposing nations. The Soviet hierarchy talk Marxism, but their real motivation is imperialism. At heart, they are no different than the Czarists they drove out.

"If you will examine Russian history, you will find that the territorial and other demands of the Soviets today are exactly the same as their Czarist predecessors."

The belief in authoritative quarters that Russia's war potential is in a sorry state is not based on wishful thinking. The Iron Curtain is not as impervious as the Soviets believe it to be. The real fact is that a good deal is known about what is going on in Russia. For example: Russia is experiencing an increasingly serious shortage of oil. Oil is absolutely essential for industrial and agricultural production, as well as for the operation of combat weapons. In the past year, Soviet oil supply markedly declined. This was due to three factors. (1) A decline in Russia's own output; (2) an appreciable decrease in imports from Russian satellite countries, such as Rumania; and (3) the shutting off of U. S. shipments to Russia. Formerly, U. S. oil shipments to Russia were 3,000,000 barrels a year.

Russia's oil supply in 1947 was estimated at approximately 180,000,000 barrels. That of the United States was 1,980,000,000 barrels—eleven times that of the Soviets. This single fact is a striking illustration of what is meant by Russia not having the war potential to wage a major conflict.

Another instance is Russia's great difficulty in rebuilding its war-ravaged heavy industry. The Soviets are very secretive about what is happening in their heavy industry, particularly in the Urals. But it is known that both construction and production are far behind schedule.

As an illustration, the Soviets produced less than 60 per cent of the rail equipment ordained for 1947; only about 40 per cent of the motor transport; under 70 per cent of new plants and equipment; and around 65 per cent of machine tools. Housing also continues one of the most desperate shortages throughout Russia. It is worse in Russia than anywhere else in Europe.

All these items are the basic ingredients of a nation's war potential. Russia just doesn't have them. Further, the Soviets won't have them in quantity for some years to come.

In only two spheres did Russia's 1947 production record excel. One was in grain and the other in babies. The first was due to fortuitous weather conditions. But even these crops were harvested only by extreme measures. Literally hundreds of thousands of industrial workers were ordered into the fields to do the work that machines should have done but which are nonexistent. A high birth rate is a traditional Russian characteristic. Added to this, the Soviets are laying great emphasis on more babies to recoup their heavy war losses.

Militarily, Russia today has significant strength only in two

The question uppermost in the minds of Americans is, Will there be a shooting war with Russia? Liberty's famous Washington columnist went to our highest military and diplomatic officials to separate truth from rumor and get the answer. Here's what he learned

respects. She has the largest standing army in the world, and great depth in space. While numerically superior, the Red Army is in no real sense a truly modern mechanized and motorized army. Its transport is still predominantly horse-drawn. The bulk of the Red Air Force consists of planes that we consider obsolete, and the Red Navy is inconsequential.

Space has traditionally been a major Russian defense factor. But the A bomb, jet propulsion, and developments in remote-controlled aircraft and other missiles have drastically changed this picture. Geography is no longer the Soviets' trump card it was before Hiroshima. It is now, or soon will be, possible to devastate Russia's war potential without setting a foot in Russia. Her huge armies, which were expended mercilessly and limitlessly against the Germans to buy time in exchange for space, may become a crushing burden in the next war. Their maintenance will require vast quantities of food and industrial production, while their presence in the midst of a decimated land may lead to the same kind of despair and revolt that overthrew the Czarist regime and opened the way for the ascendancy of the Bolsheviki.

Certain information is also known about Soviet war plans. The basic long-range war plan of the Red General Staff is predicated on what they call "three-dimensional warfare." This concept was laid down in a War Commissariat Memorandum early in 1946 that was signed by Stalin himself. Titled Absolute Warfare in Three Dimensions, the Memorandum laid down a series of ruling directives for the training and combat operations of the large Russian Army.

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Of the three dimensions, the third (air) is the most important and decisive. This is the way it is expressed in the Stalin Memorandum:

"The second World War was merely the prelude to modern war in this age, which will be based on the complete domination of the air . . . Modern war will no longer rely on fortified lines, to prevent penetration within the enemy's area, nor count upon resistance along an established front . . . The new war will be three-dimensional warfare. . . . Aviation will play the primary and decisive role. . . . Entire armies will engage in the air. The nation which can put more men and machines in the air will have the greatest chance to win. . . ."

The Memorandum further directs that the Red Army concentrate on air training. "Every soldier," the Memorandum orders, "must be ready to become a paratrooper. By January, 1952, every man in the Red Army must have had at least six weeks' special air training and parachute jumping."

By that date also, according to Red General Staff plans, the standing Red Army will comprise 120 divisions in Russia, plus 30 other special divisions in Russian occupational zones. The total strength of this force will be 1,800,000 men. The 120 "home" divisions are to be grouped in six armies.

A significant fact about the location of these six standing armies is that each is to have its own self-supporting w potential (industry). This is for the purpose of avoiding attack that in one blow could smash Russia's war potenti

Another factor of importance regarding these six armi is that they are merely the nucleus of the Red Army that being developed. The 120 "home" and 30 special occupation divisions will be only the Soviets' standing army. In additi to this standing force, Russia has permanent peacetime co scription. A new class of youth is called up for military servi every year. Around 1,000,000 men are undergoing milita training all the time. By 1952 the Soviet will have sufficie trained manpower to put 300 divisions in the field.

Russian A-bomb development is currently centered chief in eastern Siberia. Three A-bomb plants are being erecte there. So far as is known, the Soviets do not have an A bom as yet. Molotov's statement that the A bomb was no longe a secret to the Reds was slick blather for home consumptio

On the basis of what is known, the following is the gener outline of the Red General Staff's master war plan to achie world domination:

A three-phase offensive; the first two phases, of sho duration, to overrun western Europe, the Mediterranean, an to capture Dakar, key strategic port on the west coast Africa that is nearest to and pointed directly at South Ame ica. And the third phase, of longer duration, to conquer Asi

As the Red General Staff envisions the first phase, Russi would sweep through western Europe to the Atlantic coas in one month. It estimates that four months' time and 120 d visions would be necessary to execute the second phase. Th bulk of the additional divisions would be obtained from sate lite countries. Also, Soviet strategists figure that by tha time their own army would have been brought up to a strengt of 300 divisions. The Red time estimate for completion of th decisive third phase is a minimum of two years. In additio to ther own and satellite divisions, the Soviets also expect have available large reinforcements from the Chinese Com munist armies, possibly as much as 1,000,000 men.

Once all of Europe and Asia are in their grip, Red strate gists believe it will not be necessary to invade the America continent. They are convinced that the United States will b so exhausted by that time, that a compromise peace giving th Kremlin world domination will be easy to negotiate.

The operational plans of the United States and its allies counter this or any other threatening war plan are neces sarily of the highest secrecy. But without revealing any these secrets, it can be stated that the United States also ha a three-dimensional war plan. Also, it is a great deal mor tri-dimensional in the truest sense than the Russian pla and reaches a lot farther in each dimension.

Also, as against the Red General Staff's three-phase maste war plan, we too have a plan. A clue to our plan is to b found in Stalin's own words, in his Memorandum—"Aviatio will play the primary decisive role in the next war."

To quote our vernacular, "You said a mouthful, Joe." ■ ■

The Green-Eyed Idol

Charley wins his battle
—and his reward. Prepare yourself
for a surprise and shock

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

THE back of Charley's neck felt cold.

"Will Chatterji live?" he asked.

"Yes," Judy answered. "The bullet creased the side of his head and he went down as though brain-shot, but he's almost pulled out already."

"Do they know it? If they do, they'll finish him off."

"They don't know. Yuanlin had him brought to his house and told the people he's dead."

"Did anyone see the fellow?"

"Chatterji saw him, and Nathoo. He was dressed like a back-country Bhutanese."

"Well, get out of here and wait for the signal—"

"Listen. I think we've got enough without you taking that awful chance. I watched through field glasses and saw Warwick's houseboy get the opium he gave you. It was in a tea box in the old well on the camp ground. That's their cache—it's probably deep and enlarged at the bottom. It's fished out with a big grappling thing that opens and shuts—that's kept in the well too."

"It's no good, Judy. Chatterji would tell you the same. Warwick will claim he's been imposed upon by native smugglers—that they shot Chatterji in revenge for that hillman Wang. The traffic will be stopped, but Warwick will go free."

"I don't think your plan will work. He thinks Chatterji's dead, and he knows two deaths on the same day would look bad—"

"The way he figures it, neither can involve him. Be quarreling with me, (*Continued on page 27*)

He told her of the post he had been offered. If she went with him . . .

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86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

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and every old timer knows...

Every Old Timer Knows
old
GUCKENHEIMER
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The best test for whiskey
—pour some into a glass and drink it.

THE
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DISTILLING COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • PEKIN • SAUSALITO

(*Continued from page 24*)

Judy—you're trying to get me to take you to Calcutta—but get this: He had Chatterji shot so no question will be raised about the emeralds he thinks are in my bag. He wouldn't have done it unless he intended to murder me. He may think you, too, know something about the jewels, but that won't stop him. If you tell the police about them, he'll show them a couple of hunks of jade supposedly found in my clothes. I'd been stringing you along to get what I wanted from you. Chatterji being killed by a hillman won't seem to have any connection with me checking out in a big smoke."

"Yes, he thinks he'll be in the clear."

"If he tries to give me some morphine, we've got a case. If he backs out, we haven't. I've got to lead him on."

"Maybe he hasn't got any morphine. He may shoot you and make it look like suicide—lots of opium smokers put themselves out. Well, if you're going ahead with it, we've got to cinch it. I'm going to be there.

"If you give me your key to the side door, I'll watch my chance and sneak up to your room. You can hide me in a closet and there will be two of us to testify. I've got a pistol, if it comes to that."

"But the room will be watched. I think there's a hole in the ceiling." But it did not command the entrance hall, Charley remembered, or the closet opening into it.

"Pretend to be comforting me—put your arms around me—and slip me the key."

"Well, it was in the cards." As his lips felt the warmth and brimming life of hers, he put the key into her small firm hand.

SHE walked off as if angry, then turned and called after him, "I'll wait till tomorrow and not a day longer!"

"Trust me, pal," he called back as he entered the house. Then in an impatient tone to Warwick, lounging in the door of the salon, "I thought I'd never get rid of her."

"She seemed frightened about something, I fancied. Has anything—gone wrong?" Perhaps Warwick had not yet received a report on Chatterji.

"Just that I didn't show up where I'd promised to meet her—on the road to Ranguya. Well, I'm going upstairs and keep on with the medicine."

"Go ahead. I've some errands to run. I'll drop in later and give you some quinine."

In his room, Charley made haste to light another pipe, mainly for the sake of any spy watching overhead. It was necessary, too, that he show the effects when Warwick returned. He must consume at least ten to contract his pupils, and, if necessary, pretend to smoke twice or three times that number. At ten he would know whether in trying to conquer Warwick he had at least mastered himself.

Waiting about five minutes between each pipe, he had finished his eighth when he saw the shadows in the entrance hall change shape; the door of the hall closet that he had left open was now closed save for a crack.

He smoked his tenth pipe in the next ten minutes. He felt a tingling throughout his body, and very shortly he would be put to a strict test. It came when he lighted his eleventh pipe. Pretending to puff hard, he took the smoke only into the front of his mouth, absorbing a mere fraction of its poison. Suddenly he knew he could have done the same even if safe and alone.

The effect of the pipe was pleasant to his physical being; but his mental being no longer craved it.

TAKING a chair that faced a window, he pretended to smoke three more pipes in the next fifteen minutes. He was lighting another when someone knocked sharply.

He took time to ignite the opium ball before he walked unsteadily to the door. It was no chore to speak in the vapid thick-tongued tone of one halfway in the Black Smoke.

"Why, it's my old pal!" Charley gabbled. "Come in and have a pipe."

"I was wondering how you were—"

"Come in! You can see I'm all right." He closed and locked the door behind Warwick.

"Why, yes. You look better—"

"Come into the light!" Putting his arm through Warwick's, he led him into the bright bedroom. "Have a chair and let me fix you a pipe."

"I'll sit down a minute, but I don't indulge, you know."

"Brother, you don't know what you miss! The best medicine in the world against malaria."

Charley sat down on the edge of the bed, which happened to be in a straight line with a little crack in the closet door. The mention of malaria should bring up the subject of quinine—but Charley waited in vain.

"How many have you had?" Warwick asked thoughtfully.

"Maybe ten." Charley lighted another and smoked it avidly. "Now break down, old chap, and have a few with me."

"I said I didn't indulge."

Charley's lips curled into a knowing smile. "A case of the shoemaker's son going barefoot, I dare say."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just making conversation. But you know—you can't always tell where you sit. For instance, natives tell me lots of things about big pukka sahibs that their friends would hardly believe. But quit looking so damned pious and have a pipe!"

For Charley knew now that Warwick had begun to lose his nerve. If he had heard a false report of Chatterji's murder, he was wondering whether another death—seemingly from opium smoking—might not draw too much attention from the C.I.D. In the next few minutes he must be made to believe that Charley was too dangerous to let him live.

"Perhaps the natives gave you some side lights on—well, me, for instance," Warwick remarked.

"Maybe they did. I forget."

"You wouldn't forget any low-down on a man you were once jealous of."

"I'm not jealous of you now! That reminds me—you acted a bit nasty when I brought back only jade instead of emeralds—as though you didn't believe me. Well, if I were you, I would believe me. What's the loss of an emerald worth a lac of rupees to you? You've got more money than any tea planter has any business having."

"How do you figure I made it?"

"I found out—but I forgot." Charley was lighting another pipe. "I'm a good forgetter, old fellow, when people treat me right. I'll forget about that pack train at the camp ground. They say you find truth at the bottom of a well—but I'll forget that too. One of the packers mistook me for your henchman—shot his mouth off—but you're my friend."

"Well, there's no reason we shouldn't be friends," Warwick remarked.

Then Charley knew the fateful hour was striking.

"I'm a good fellow, Warwick."

"And with a better head on your shoulders than I realized. It's true I've got plenty of money and I'll have nothing more to say about those emeralds. Suppose you finish your smoke—knock the malaria— By Jove, I forgot about your quinine!"

WARWICK'S fingers went into his watch pocket. He *had* kept morphine in his medicine cabinet!

"I'm going to take Judy to Calcutta," Charley mouthed. "I'll dress her up and have something good."

"I dare say you haven't told her any of what you heard from the wool packer—" Warwick was getting him a glass of water.

"What do you take me for? I told you I was a good forgetter and now you're my pal."

"Take both capsules—"

"She's a honey, though," Charley blabbed, taking the two capsules in his left hand. "I'm going to cut out the pipes altogether when we get to Calcutta—so we can enjoy ourselves. This is my last fling." He raised his hand to his lips, then scooped both capsules into his palm with his thumb—a maneuver as delicately timed and co-ordinated as sharpshooting. He filled his mouth with water and swallowed.

Warwick's eyes were gleaming in full-fed hate; he never doubted but that Charley had taken ten grains of morphine.

"Hand me my pipe, will you?" While Warwick was getting it, Charley dropped the capsules into his pocket.

"Certainly, and I'll light it for you. Your hands are shaky."

(*Continued on page 58*)

THE BLACKBOARD COMES ALIVE

BY ERIC JOHNSTON

President, Motion Picture Association

Movies take the dullness out of learning and help hard-worked teachers make education stick

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IN an Americanization class in New Orleans, a Mexican woman approached the teacher at the end of the session. "This is a big day for me," she said. "I have not only seen George Washington, but I heard him talk!"

She had just witnessed The Servant of the People, a short motion-picture dramatization of the writing of the American Constitution. What she had learned would "stick," because all her senses were involved in the experience.

In a sixth-grade classroom in New England, half a hundred children sat spellbound watching a movie. The Story of Dr. Carver. The life of the slave boy who became a great agricultural scientist was packed into ten fascinating minutes to form the basis of a threefold lesson—in crop rotation, chemistry, and race relations.

Students in a small southern medical college were watching an appendectomy being performed by a famous surgeon. When the operation was completed there was a repeat performance! It was a motion-picture close-up of the operation that they were seeing, giving them the benefit of a top-notch "visiting professor" with little expense to their school.

These are random examples of the wide uses of the newest tool of learning, the motion picture. For 30 years desultory efforts were made to fit moving pictures into the classroom, but, by and large, teachers did not take films seriously. By 1936, according to the U. S. Office of Education, there were only 485 sound projectors in American grade and high schools. Today some 35,000 schools are equipped to show 16-millimeter sound films.

Our Motion Picture Association alone makes some 600 titles available through its subsidiary, Teaching Film Custodian, and dozens more are in production. Encyclopaedia Britannica Films offers more than 500 titles. A score of old and new companies are adding to the rapidly expanding library of "animated textbooks."

It was the recent war, of course, that gave the teaching film such powerful impetus. Workers in war industries had to be taught new skills, men who had never fired a gun had to learn quickly the mysteries of antiaircraft cannon, raw recruits had to learn to be expert tank mechanics. In a single month in 1945, according to one army estimate, training films were shown "to a total soldier attendance of 18,500,000 in continental United States, to 5,300,000 in the European theater of operations, and to comparable numbers in other theaters."

Animated cartoon techniques which made Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck household names now enable students to see with their own eyes the miracle of the human nervous system or blood stream, the anatomy of the amoeba or the majestic rhythms of the solar system. Through time-lapse photography, biology students can watch a frog egg grow into a mature frog: 15 weeks of Nature's work condensed into ten minutes.

"Selected motion pictures," said David E. Walker, a district school superintendent in Evanston, Illinois, "give our students an understanding of people, places, and things beyond their physical reach in a lifetime or in generations. I can't go to the South Pole, but the cameras on the Byrd expedition can bring it to me."

SOME of the best pedagogical brains in the country are being applied intensively to developing libraries of "living textbooks" to meet every need in the education process—and, more important, to inject new or neglected subjects into that process. To indicate the earnestness of the effort, I need mention only a few of the many great educators associated in this work—President Coons of Occidental University, California; Dr. Kirtley Mather, Harvard; Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, University of Chicago; Dr. Wallace Atwood, president emeritus of Clark University; Dr. Mark A. May, Yale; Dr. Bruce E. Mahan, Iowa State University; Dean F. E. Henzlik, University of Nebraska.

When I came into the motion-picture industry, it was already supporting two nonprofit projects in this field—Teaching Films Custodians and the Commission on Motion Pictures of the American Council of Education. That support has been enlarged and a variety of new projects have been launched. As school use of films grows, the enterprise of commercial companies can be counted on to do the major job.

An announcement from Young America Films describes a series of teaching pictures on elementary arithmetic. The titles are as simple as the contents: What Is Four? Parts of Nine, Parts of Things. They are planned to turn dead digits into living things for young minds. The eye grasps at once what the ear does not. Even fractions lose their terror when they are turned into a game in which the pupil sees with his own eyes how objects are divided and put together again. The ablest teacher finds it hard to convey in words the nature of an electron and the electronic flow. But a short film provided by the U. S. Office of Education makes this chore of learning an adventure of discovery. A picture produced by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Molecular Theory of Matter, uses the animated cartoon to make the molecule credible and to show its fascinating behavior in gases, liquids, and solids. The movie short, Wonders of the Sea (Twentieth Century-Fox), takes the children on an exciting tour of the teeming undersea world.

Visual education makes learning easier and more enduring. That is important. But even more significant is the ability of the film to enrich the curriculum; to push some subjects, especially the social studies, far beyond their present boundaries, and to add other subjects normally ignored by the schools.

The picture I have already alluded to, The Story of Dr. Carver, is a case in point. In a private school in Wilmington, Delaware, after a showing of this picture, one of the students asked, "Why don't we have colored people in our school?" As a direct result of the ensuing discussion, that school now admits Negroes.

The real meaning of a free press is surely as vital as the three R's in our modern world, yet a classroom lesson on the subject can hardly be thrilling to grade-school boys and girls. But we have a film which tells the story of John Peter Zenger's fight for freedom of the published word. Because the lesson is conveyed in the language of drama and emotion, it not only holds the children's interest, but stirs them to excited discussion of the issues raised.

Thus the development of a new teaching pool opens new vistas of learning and emotional growth. Education, after all, is not merely the acquisition of a vast assortment of unrelated facts. At best it is a synthesis of knowledge and behavior. Facts are sterile things until they are woven into the larger pattern of life's purposes, possibilities, and ideals. That is in essence the vision of true education described by all great educators. The teaching film makes it easier to translate their ambitious vision into reality.

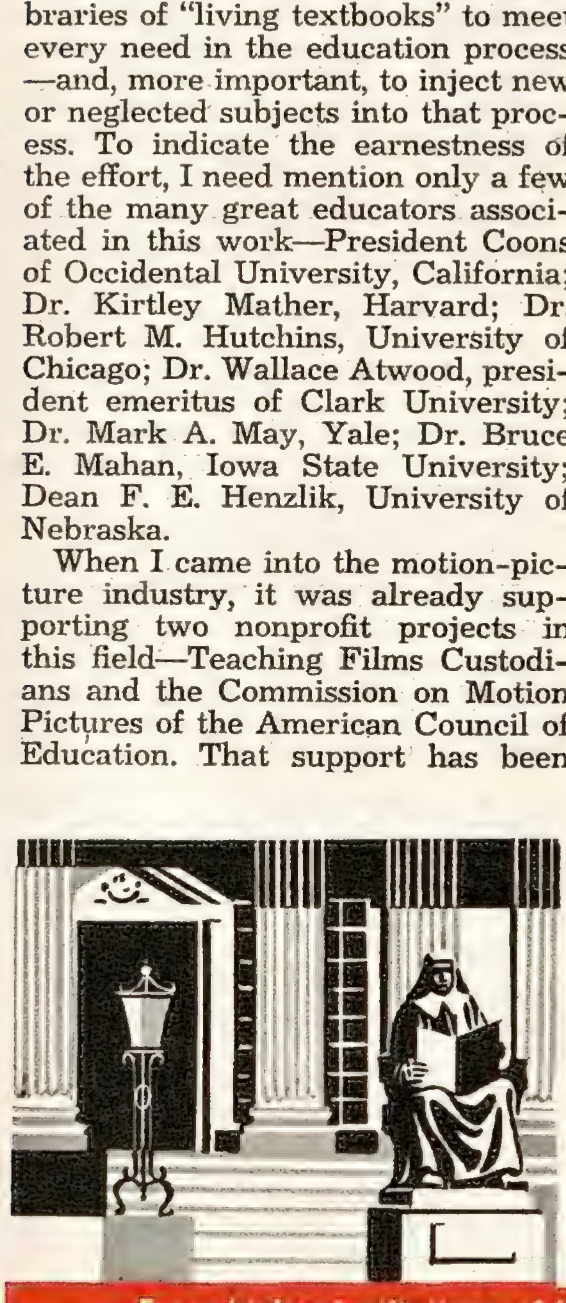
It does not shrink the role of the good teacher, any more than the telescope eliminated the astronomer. It simply provides better tools, enabling the good teacher to be a better teacher.

THE eyes of the teaching world are today on Nebraska, where an ambitious experiment is now in its second year. That great rural state has more than 500 high schools, 160 of them with fewer than 100 pupils, many of them with no more than three teachers. How can the small country high school obtain some of the values available to city schools?

Selected groups of schools in Nebraska are seeking to answer that question through the use of films. Preliminary reports on the first year's results are now ready. For the students they show more learning in a given time, greater retention of what they learn, more alert interest in the subjects studied. For the teacher they show fewer disciplinary problems, greater results for the effort invested, and, what seems to me of the essence, a greater satisfaction in teaching.

Thus the "animated blackboard" is justifying itself. Already the achievements of the educators working to perfect this new teaching tool make it certain that the whole American people will be the beneficiaries of their pioneering zeal.

THE END



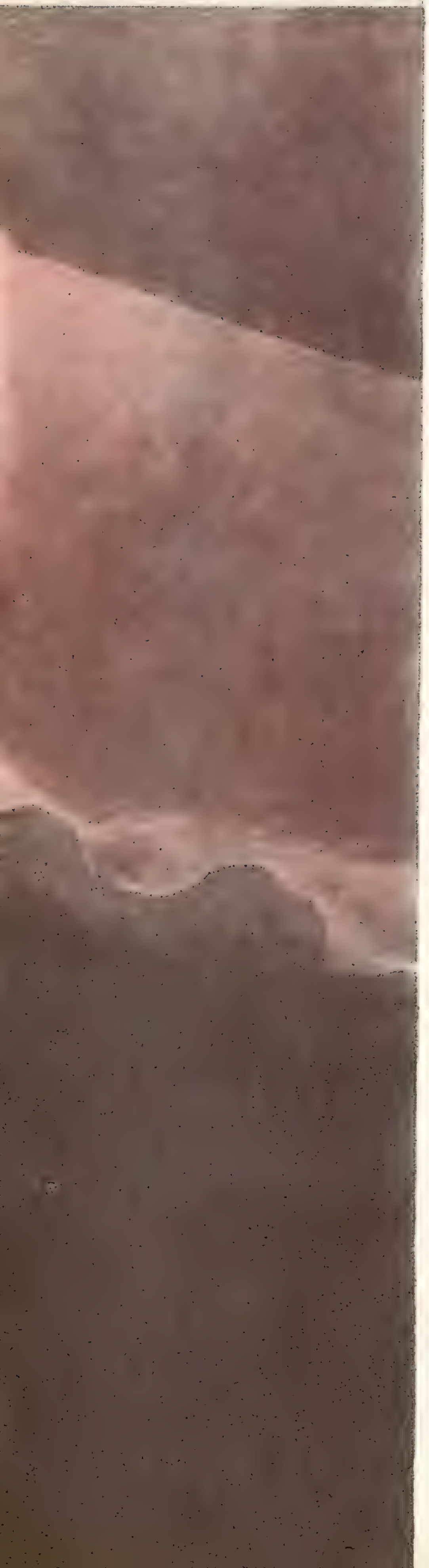
From higher institutions of learning to one-room schools, the "animated blackboard" justifies itself.

RESTLESS REDHEAD

"I think you're wonderful," said Hump simply. "I want you to go away with me for this week-end."

You couldn't blame Hump
for wanting an affair
with Chloe.
He had taken her
merely at face value

BY
JEAN POTTS



READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HE'S putting on the big busy-executive act today, thought Chloe. He's called me "Mrs. Wendell" three times now.

Yes, when Hump had the time (which wasn't very often) and when he was about to take you apart (she watched him flip in disapproval the pages of her latest contribution to Your Home), he liked to remember who he was. L. L. Humphrey, Editor in Chief.

She had to admire his tireless zest, his directness. He knew, always, exactly what he wanted, and he set out in a straight line to get it.

But she could make him flounder occasionally. Because Hump never stopped being aware of her, and she knew it. He watched, in delighted alert expectancy, for her mockery, basked in her admiration, wilted under her indifference. It was like a game, a mental duel; and always in the background there hovered the consciousness of another game (not mental at all) that might some day be played if she didn't keep her guard up.

She settled back, looking, as she very well knew, poised and elegant, and waited.

"You've got all the dope," Hump was saying. He lifted one finger at her. "BUT—"

"I know," she interrupted. They might as well get down to business. "I know. Mrs. Glub won't understand it."

"Understand it!" cried Hump in relief. "She won't even read it! Look, Chloe. You're writing for the average housewife, call her anything you want to. She's a busy woman—she's got three kids and a house to look after; she's got a Ladies' Aid this afternoon and a bridge party tonight; she's got a bushel of tomatoes to can. You think she's going to sit down and plow through a"—he slapped the yellow sheets indignantly—"a scientific textbook?"

"Might not hurt her a bit," said Chloe.

"Maybe not. But she's not going to do it. She's too busy *living*. But handle this stuff right and Mrs. Glub won't be able to put it down. Think a minute." He fixed Chloe with a fervent eye. "What's the most important thing in the world to Mrs. Glub? What does her whole life revolve around? What—"

The telephone rang. "Yes, she's here," said Hump, handing the phone to Chloe.

"Hello," said Chloe. "Oh, hello, Alex. We were just talking about you. . . . Oh, no, nothing personal. Just husbands. Mrs. Glub's husband, I think. . . ." She could hear Hump's fingers drumming on the desk. "Why, of *course* she has a husband, darling! He's the most important thing in the world to Mrs. Glub! All her life revolves around him!"

There was a kind of snort from Hump, and on the other end of the line Alex chuckled. "You ought to be fired for irreverence," he said. "What about this week-end? Are we Going Up?"

Alex always referred to their place in the country in capital letters. All last summer, when he had first bought the little white house in Poplar Corners, they had Gone Up for week-ends. This summer, Chloe supposed, would be the same. Last Saturday Alex had Gone Up, just for the afternoon, to look things over. Had come back all agog.

"Won't it be awfully primitive?" she asked doubtfully. "I mean, the electricity isn't turned on yet, is it? And the water."

There, she had probably hurt his feelings. He was silent for quite a little while. "I guess it wouldn't be so gay for you," he said finally. "Would you mind awfully if I went?"

Without me, you mean? The wistful little question swelled up in her mind; she barely missed saying it out loud. And that wouldn't have done, of course. That wasn't what the bright, sophisticated young wife was saying this year.

"I'd die of a broken heart," the sophisticated young wife was saying brightly. "When are you taking off—Friday night?"

Only, she and Alex had always saved the week-ends for each other. They were what made her feel *married;* all the rush of the week receded to the background, and she and Alex had time to be Mr. and Mrs. Wendell.

Ax darling, she wanted to say, I haven't really seen you all week! But that wouldn't have done, either, because—well, it was her fault when she "didn't really see" Alex all week. He liked quiet evenings at home. It seemed to her he was always saying, "How about a nice quiet evening at home?" And she was always having to explain about the office date she had made for cocktails and dinner.

HUMP hardly gave her time to hang up before he leaped once more into battle. "The trouble with you," he told her, "you and Mrs. Glub are entirely different. You don't even look alike!"

He leaned back in his chair, his lively eyes taking her in (all of her) with wholehearted appreciation. Half embarrassed, she patted her hair: reddish hair, drawn up on top in a way that just missed being severe. And she looked down at her slim long-legged self.

Whatever Mrs. Glub looked like, she wasn't likely to have a suit such as Chloe was wearing. A black suit,

(*Continued on page 52*)

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME•5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD'S favorite indoor sport is guessing a star's correct age. When they get around to Loretta Young, they always say, "Why, she's been on the screen for *years!*" And so she has. For 26 years, to be exact. Born in Salt Lake City in 1914, Loretta made her film debut in Hollywood at the age of five as a beautiful little girl in a Fanny Ward starrer. At 34, Loretta is still one of the youngest of the top-drawer movie actresses. When she hears about these gossip sessions regarding her age, she casually shrugs and says, "If they are happier thinking I am older, let them think it."

The Bishop's Wife—Sam Goldwyn's Royal Command Performance film—is Loretta's seventieth starring picture. Few stars, if any, can top her record.

Long noted for her ethereal beauty, her glamor, and her magnificent wardrobe, Loretta got wise to the fact, a couple of years ago, that she had become a clotheshorse on the screen, and not much more. She was in great demand for fashion layouts, but good meaty parts and Academy Awards went to actresses who didn't know an Adrian from a Misses' Budget Department. Loretta decided it was high time she deglamorized herself and made a pitch for character parts. It was a radical breaking away from formula. Most of the producers said no. But Dore Schary, the brilliant young production boss at RKO, was willing to take a chance.

He cast her as a Swedish servant girl in The Farmer's Daughter. It was the first time she had ever played a role with an accent. Her wardrobe consisted mostly of maid's uniforms. The fashion-magazine editors yelped, but the critics applauded, and the theaters were jammed. In fact, in the dreary summer of 1947, with the nation's box offices in the doldrums, The Farmer's Daughter was one of three pictures that attracted the customers. Loretta Young, in her sixty-ninth picture, was "discovered" all over again and marked for an Academy Award this year.

In Goldwyn's The Bishop's Wife she again comes through with an excellent characterization without benefit of fashionable wardrobe or false lashes. "The Farmer's Daughter, and now The Bishop's Wife," ran the Hollywood rib. "Next she'll play Whistler's Mother." Next she played a pioneer bondwoman in Dore Schary's Rachel. She has two costume changes, both made from cast-off potato sacks. But on Loretta's five feet six inches and 110 neatly proportioned pounds they look good.

When Loretta's mother, Mrs. Gladys Young (now Mrs. Belser), found herself with a family of lively kids to support, she moved to Hollywood in 1919, where she had a brother who worked at Paramount. Mrs. Young ran a boardinghouse in Los Angeles while Polly Ann, Sally, and Loretta (at that time she was Gretchen) did "day work" in the studios. Loretta's first important break came when she was 12. Colleen Moore, one of the big stars of that era, saw her playing with some little girls on the set, and gave her her first grown-up role in Naughty But Nice. When the director of the picture demurred that Gretchen Young was too Dutchy for a theater marquee, Miss Moore said, "Call her Loretta. I had a beautiful doll, once, named Loretta. It's a lucky name."

In 1928, 14-year-old Loretta shared star billing with Lon Chaney in Laugh, Clown, Laugh. She has been in the big-time bracket ever since. She has played opposite virtually every famous male star in the business. Many of them have tried to upstage her, but Loretta, who knows more about camera angles than even a Ruttenberg or a Shamroy, has always managed to outsmart them. Bob Mitchum tried something new. He tried to "downstage" her. She was so surprised she let him get by with it—for one scene. None of the Gables, Grants, Boyers, and Cottens have ever been able to upset Loretta's complete poise and self-assurance, only David Niven. When she slapped Niven in a scene in The Perfect Marriage, he reeled and spat out two teeth. Phony teeth, of course. When they brought Loretta to with a bucket of water, she realized that she had fallen for the oldest Hollywood gag of all. This is known as fun on the set.

SINCE 1940 Loretta has been married to genial, attractive Tom Lewis, radio executive. Their romance started in rather an unusual locale for Hollywood romances—in church. Loretta, "a practicing Catholic" as she calls herself, never misses church on Sundays. One day Tom Lewis, the producer of a radio program on which she was to appear, called her for an 11 A.M. Sunday rehearsal. "Sorry, Mr. Lewis," said Loretta. "I go to church at eleven on Sundays." Loretta braced herself for an argument. But instead, Lewis said he'd like to go to church with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and their three children and a flock of servants live in one of the more elegant homes in Holmby Hills, fully equipped with swimming pool, tennis court, and guest house. Judy, Christopher, and Peter use the swimming pool, and the Billy Blakewells, childhood friends of Loretta (as is one third of Hollywood), use the tennis court and the guest house. She is a generous but firm aunt to her nine nephews and nieces. (Director Norman Foster and Ricardo Montalban, the sensational young actor, are her brothers-in-law.)

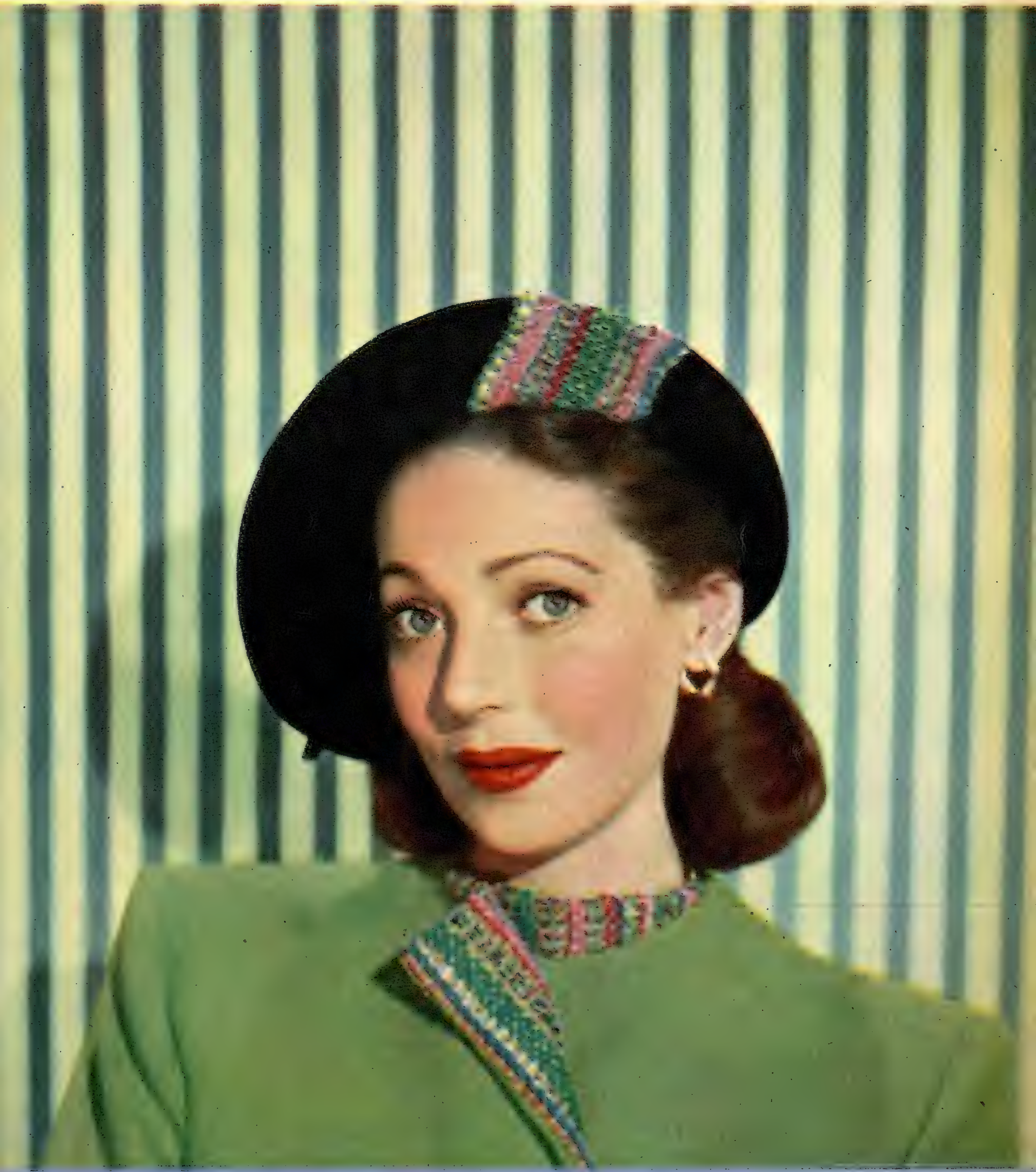
Loretta eats heartily, but her weight has not changed since she was sixteen. She claims she is allergic to exercise. She'd much rather sew, and does at every opportunity. She makes her children's clothes, and while on location with the Rachel company in Oregon she startled her next-door neighbor by asking to borrow her sewing machine. She wanted to make herself a pair of slacks. (She never wears slacks or pajamas at home, as Tom abhors them.) They turned out fairly well. "I can stand up in them, but I can't sit down in them."

Loretta has no screwball traits that make for amusing copy. She is just about as positive and forthright a person as Hollywood has. She has a great enthusiasm for pictures and everything connected with picture making.

THOUGH her formal education was rather sketchy, Loretta today is one of the best-informed women in Hollywood. Her tastes in literature are modern; in furniture, antique. One thing, however, she has never been able to master—spelling. The simplest words throw her. On a trip to New York, Tom suggested that she keep an account of expenses. But when he read "dinning stuart $5," he gave up. Judy, her daughter, once gave her a lecture about her spelling. "Well, Abraham Lincoln couldn't spell, either," retorted Loretta indignantly. She has felt very badly about this ever since. "I hope Mr. Lincoln doesn't mind," she says sadly. It is a good bet that Lincoln wouldn't mind if he could see the "rediscovered" Loretta Young in a picture like The Bishop's Wife.

THE END

Forever Young



Loretta Young wears potato sacks in her new picture

—but on her they look good

GOING HOME

The war dead are coming home, but this ill-fated B-29 crew came home years ago

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE foreign editor cabled me to take a breather on covering the Chinese financial crisis and fly over here to do a few pieces on the battlefield end of returning America's war dead to their homeland for burial. I guess he remembered I'd gone ashore with the troops on some of these islands, trying to be a war correspondent instead of a financial writer.

I hadn't been back to the islands since the end of the war—they let me try the new northern route out this trip—and after we cleared Manila I started getting a funny feeling about the whole deal. It gives you the jumps to fly back into a memory, and I had lots of them to go back to. What with my assignment, I couldn't help thinking of the infantryman in the landing on Leyte:

We were on a landing craft, and the guys were kicking it around, just to be saying something and keep one another's minds off the next few hours. There was a pint-sized corporal there, cracking wise.

"Don't let it bother you," he'd said. "If the Japs get you, Uncle will wrap you in a nice shiny coffin and cart you home after it's over. You can't miss."

The guy next to him didn't think that so funny. "If I get it," he'd said, "I'd just as soon take my nap in one place. I don't go for this moving around. They can take the dough it'd cost and give it to my mother—she'd need the dough more than she would my rotten carcass!"

It put a damper on the corporal for a full minute. I wondered how that story would go as a lead on the series I had to write, but I decided against it. It had made sense then and it still did, but if I knew the foreign editor, I'd just be wasting cable tolls sending it in.

WE tipped down and landed for gas on one of the islands, and it was like starting into a nightmare you've had before. The minute the flaps were down the cabin started to fill up with wet, hot air. It was like breathing in a sun-drenched cloud, only the smell of fast-growing, fast-decaying leaves was in it, and that curious smell of dust that isn't there.

I got out of the plane and looked around. The place hadn't changed much, except that there weren't many planes around. There were some out-of-date bombers over on the hardstands across the far taxiway, and a couple of transports with mechanics fussing around them. Our pilot was talking to another officer, and I walked over.

"How much time here?" I asked him.

"Looks like four or five hours," the pilot said. "We're ordered to stand by to pick up a VIP. A congressman, no less. He isn't due in here before noon."

That meant two or three o'clock before we'd get away. I'd waited for Very Important Personages before. He would arrive, and then have to shake hands with everybody on the island before taking off. After that, I'd have four hours of listening to him tell how he'd fixed it for the dead to go home. I showed my papers to the local officer.

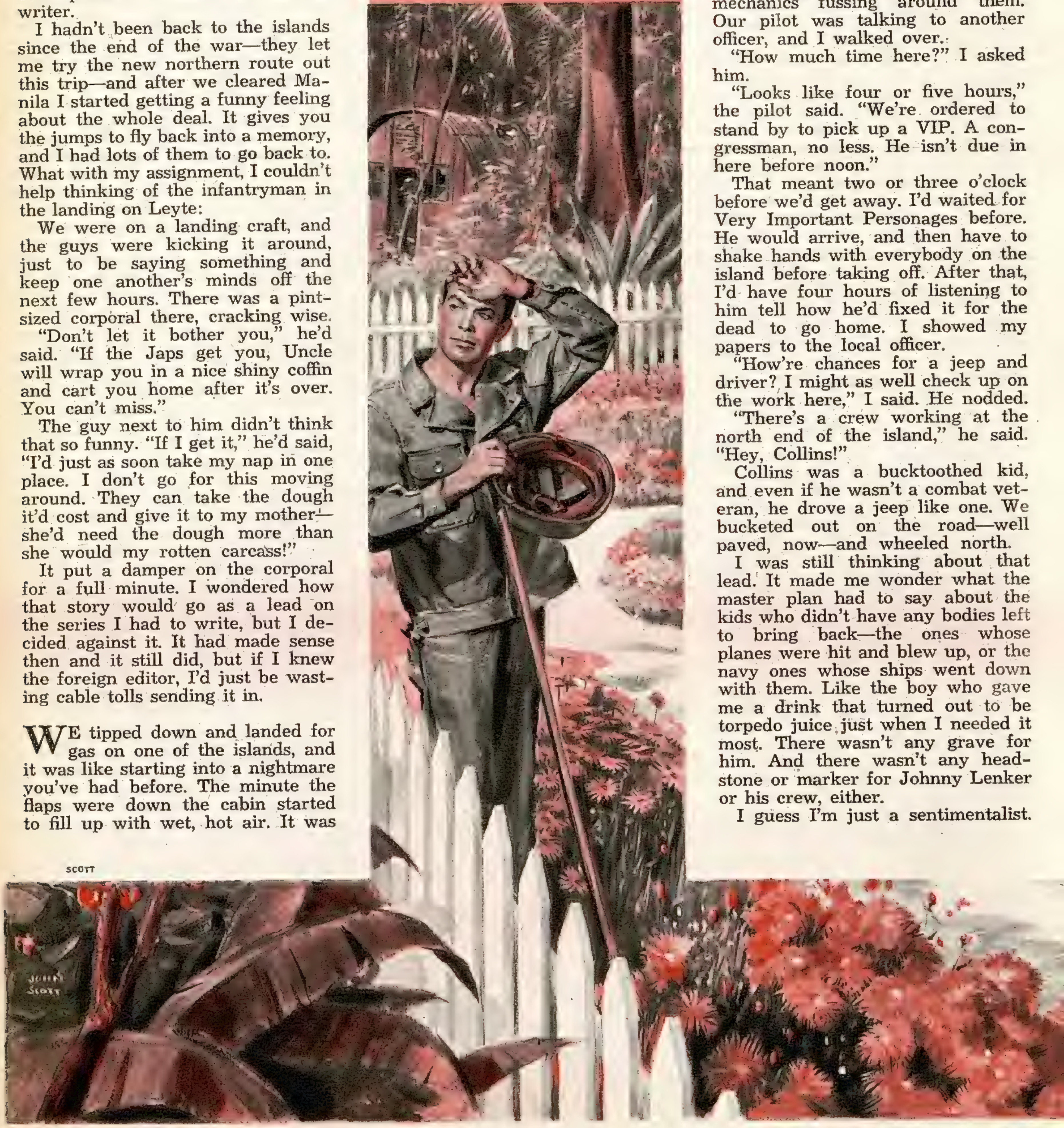
"How're chances for a jeep and driver? I might as well check up on the work here," I said. He nodded.

"There's a crew working at the north end of the island," he said. "Hey, Collins!"

Collins was a bucktoothed kid, and even if he wasn't a combat veteran, he drove a jeep like one. We bucketed out on the road—well paved, now—and wheeled north.

I was still thinking about that lead. It made me wonder what the master plan had to say about the kids who didn't have any bodies left to bring back—the ones whose planes were hit and blew up, or the navy ones whose ships went down with them. Like the boy who gave me a drink that turned out to be torpedo juice, just when I needed it most. There wasn't any grave for him. And there wasn't any headstone or marker for Johnny Lenker or his crew, either.

I guess I'm just a sentimentalist.



SCOTT

because every time I think of Johnny and Mize and Harry and the rest of them I kind of choke up. Perhaps it's because they were the first B-29 crew I knew well, and the only one I knew well who got it. But that isn't all. There was something else.

I had wanted to do a piece about the big bombers and their crews, and the public-relations officer for the command took me out to the Umpteenth Very Heavy Bombardment Squadron and introduced me to Johnny Lenker and his crew. I can't make myself give their right names even now. I went around and talked to the families of a lot of unlucky guys after I got back, but I never could go to see Johnny's widow or the other families. I just couldn't face up to it.

Well, the kids had a mission that night, and I went to briefing with them and ate supper with them and sat around in the Quonset and we talked, and pretty soon Johnny said they'd better get their gardening in, and we went out the far end of the hut.

I'M not much of a gardener, but if you've seen what the tropics can do to anything along that line, you know it takes work to sprout one doggone petunia without having it choked to death by weeds. But those boys had rigged a garden that was really something. They'd hauled in good dirt and made paths with bone-white coral, and they'd planted flower seeds they'd brought with them from the States. There were asters and marigolds and phlox and cosmos and bachelor buttons and almost anything else you can remember from your mother's garden back home. They were planted carefully, too, and there wasn't a weed anywhere.

"The other crews kid us about this," Johnny said, "but it's kind of fun, taking care of it. Something to do."

We sat around afterward and looked at the pictures in one another's wallets and talked about what we were going to do after the war, and Johnny brought out the baby shoe his wife had just sent him and talked about the kid as if he'd really seen her. And then there was the final briefing and they took off.

I saw them again, two or three times, and then one night they didn't come back. Sure, it happened all the time to one crew or another, and nobody said anything about it because that was what you had to expect. But this was different. I was observing interrogation after a mission a couple of nights later, and three different pilots came over to tell me what had happened. They'd been rammed—not intentionally—and the big ship had blown up. I never saw the crews so worked up about any other losses; not obviously, anyhow. And it hit me right between the eyes.

But something came out of it that gave me a new slant on American kids. It was two months before I was in the neighborhood again, and I couldn't help going out to see what had happened to the garden Johnny and his gang had fixed. I knew what the weeds would have done, but maybe I was expecting a miracle, and I found one. Except that I knew better, Johnny and the boys might have weeded it the night before. There was a downy-cheeked lieutenant picking bugs off the petunias, and I asked him about the garden.

"Some crew started it," he said, "and they got hit, so the squadron takes care of it now. I didn't know the guys, but it's a nice garden, isn't it?"

I said it was and went away because I was all choked up again.

Well, that was all over and done with now. The squadron had gone home and I'd heard the field was inoperative. Collins wheeled me out to the grave detail and I got some facts and some pictures. I was still wondering about markers for the graves that didn't exist. I still needed my lead for the first article when I gave Collins the nod to go back to the transport field. He whirled the jeep around and then stopped at a road fork and looked at me.

"You in a big rush, mister?" he said. I still had a couple of hours and said so.

"Why?"

"I got a little job I oughta do over this way." He pointed, and I said why not? I had plenty of time. Besides, the road he indicated was the route to the Umpteenth's old field. We followed it.

The field was abandoned. There were a few old broken-backed crates stacked around where the maintenance shops had been, and here and there a worn-out truck was tilted into the ditch along the road. The jungle had all but covered them, and green shoots were breaking the road surface. Collins passed the old wing headquarters and swung off into the jungle at the Umpteenth's turn.

WE stopped and got out and walked around a Quonset that was tilted now with growth from underneath and rusted through in places on the roof. We walked around and came to the other end, and there was Johnny's garden, as fresh and lovely as the first day I'd seen it, as carefully tended as ever. I caught my breath.

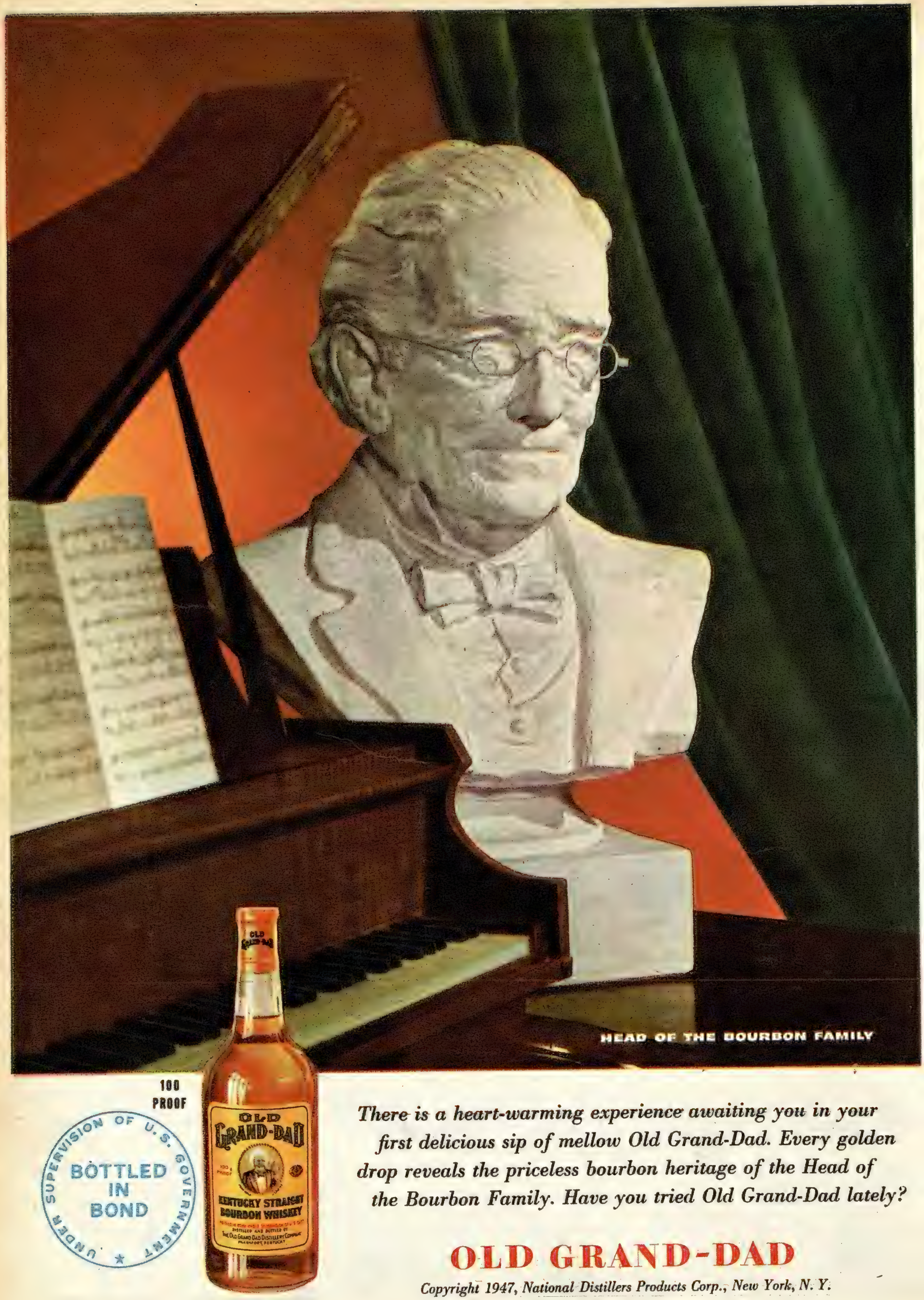
"Pretty, ain't it?" Collins said. "Every time one of us gets up this way we come in to tend to it. The Old Man's O.K.'d gas for the run if we don't get a chance otherwise. Look—it says there on the sign."

I walked over. The sign and a high tight fence were the only additions. The fence was to keep out the goats. The lettering on the sign started: "In memory of . . ." and then listed their names, but what got me was the ending: ". . . who started this garden. Don't let *it* die, too!"

So I guess Johnny and the boys got their marker, and after that I didn't have any trouble getting my lead. I wasn't riled up inside any more, so I could write it the obvious way: "America's war dead are going home . . ."

Shucks, Johnny and the boys had been home a long time now—all that was important of them.

THE END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EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

PHOTOS BY GLOBE AND ROBERT PERKINS

LUCILLE BALL AND DESI ARNEZ

SUN AND STARS

No desert ever boasted
an oasis as plush and
swanky as Palm Springs
and the Racquet Club

Screen beauties Paulette Goddard and Evelyn Keyes indulge in longhair literature. Right: Charlie Farrell shows plans for new bungalows to shapely Gene Tierney.

BEST place on the West Coast to see your favorite movie star at play is the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. But just try and crash. It's strictly membership only. This club in the desert is 175 miles from Beverly Hills. It is owned and managed by handsome Charlie Farrell, heart-throb of the '20s. Mr. and Mrs. Farrell (the former Virginia Valli) have a gold mine in their club. Screen stars find exactly what they want there: tennis, swimming, rest, and sun—and the neatest South Seas bar this side of Bali. Feature of the bar is the Seventh Heaven cocktail. (Remember Charlie and Janet Gaynor?) Surrounded by mountains, the Racquet Club, organized fifteen years ago, when Hollywood celebrities were first beginning to "discover" the desert, is never too hot, never too cold, from October to June. It leads a protected life. So do its members.

Martha O'Driscoll makes with the cheesecake. Van Heflin gets strings tied for tennis match. Complete with earrings, Ann Miller may dive, and again she may not.

RACQU T CLUB
PALM
RING

Early morning is the most beautiful time of day at the exclusive Palm Springs Racquet Club. But few members retire before midnight or get up before noontime

Farrell, Racquet Club owner, Dolores Moran and movie producers Ben Bogeaus and Hal Wallis admire columnist Hedda Hopper's gay new Lilly Dache.

Spencer Tracy and Farrell brood over their queen troubles on improvised chess set. Right: Dorothy Lamour takes young son, Ridgely Howard, for swim in the pool

LIBERTY PICKS A MOVIE ELIGIBLE FOR TOP HONORS.

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

Americanism at its best—and great entertainment, too

Gregory Peck with Anne Revere and Dean Stockwell.

HATS off to Hollywood, and to Darryl F. Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox in particular, for their courage in making Gentleman's Agreement. This film version of Laura Hobson's novel hammers at intolerance. It is a picture that represents Americanism at its best.

The story concerns Phil Green (Gregory Peck), a magazine writer who sets out to discover what it is like to be a Jew by becoming a Semite himself. He finds prejudices cropping up everywhere. No Gestapo, no torture chambers, but real and humiliating prejudices nonetheless. Phil (a widower) finds that his young son is the target of name-calling; that some hotels are "restricted"—that is they keep Jews out—and that some firms won't employ Jews. Intolerance, he finds, is practiced most by the so-called "nice people."

His quest for facts on which to base a series of articles for a magazine brings about strained relations between him and his fiancée, Kathy (Dorothy McGuire). Kathy gets wrought up when people really begin to believe that Phil is a Jew. It is Dave (John Garfield), a Jew and Phil's boyhood friend, who helps Kathy eliminate the barrier between her and Phil.

Gentleman's Agreement is by no means a straight preachment. What it has to say is made the more effective because the film is so profoundly moving and entertaining. It is truly a great picture.

Peck, Dorothy McGuire, Celeste Holm, and John Garfield.

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86 PROOF • THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD. 27½% STRAIGHT WHISKY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

COBBS
COBBS
A Blended Whisky of superior quality
Blended and Bottled in Philadelphia, Pa by
COBBS DISTILLING CORPORATION

LIBERTY PICKS A MOVIE ELIGIBLE FOR TOP HONORS.

ROAD TO RIO

THOSE slaphappy characters, Crosby and Hope, are merrily hitting the road again, jolting their millions of ever-loving fans into one laugh right smack after another. Again Dorothy Lamour takes care of the beauty department. This time she is kept under wraps; no sarongs, alas, but the Lamour charms persist, especially in a low-cut evening gown. The Road to Rio is the fifth of the Paramount Road pictures—and carries the usual guaranty of rolling you in the aisles. Following their debut excursion to Singapore in 1939, Dottie and the boys have been to Morocco, Zanzibar, and Utopia, and have never failed to hit a jackpot. In their celluloid junket to South America, Bing and Bob play a couple of hammy musicians (Scat Sweeney and Hot Lips Martin) whose sad luck reduces them to carnival shows in tank towns. With the sheriff hot on their heels, they stow away (Bob as a hunk of meat) on a boat, the Queen of Brazil. On board they meet the Andrews Sisters and become entangled in a plot to marry Dottie off to a worthless no-good cousin. There are gags and gimmicks galore, such as smuggling Lucia (Dottie) ashore in a bull-fiddle case to outwit the opposition. And to add to the merriment are the Weire Brothers, a trio of the daffiest guys in the business.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE BISHOP'S WIFE (Goldwyn). An unforgettable picture that embodies delightful whimsey.

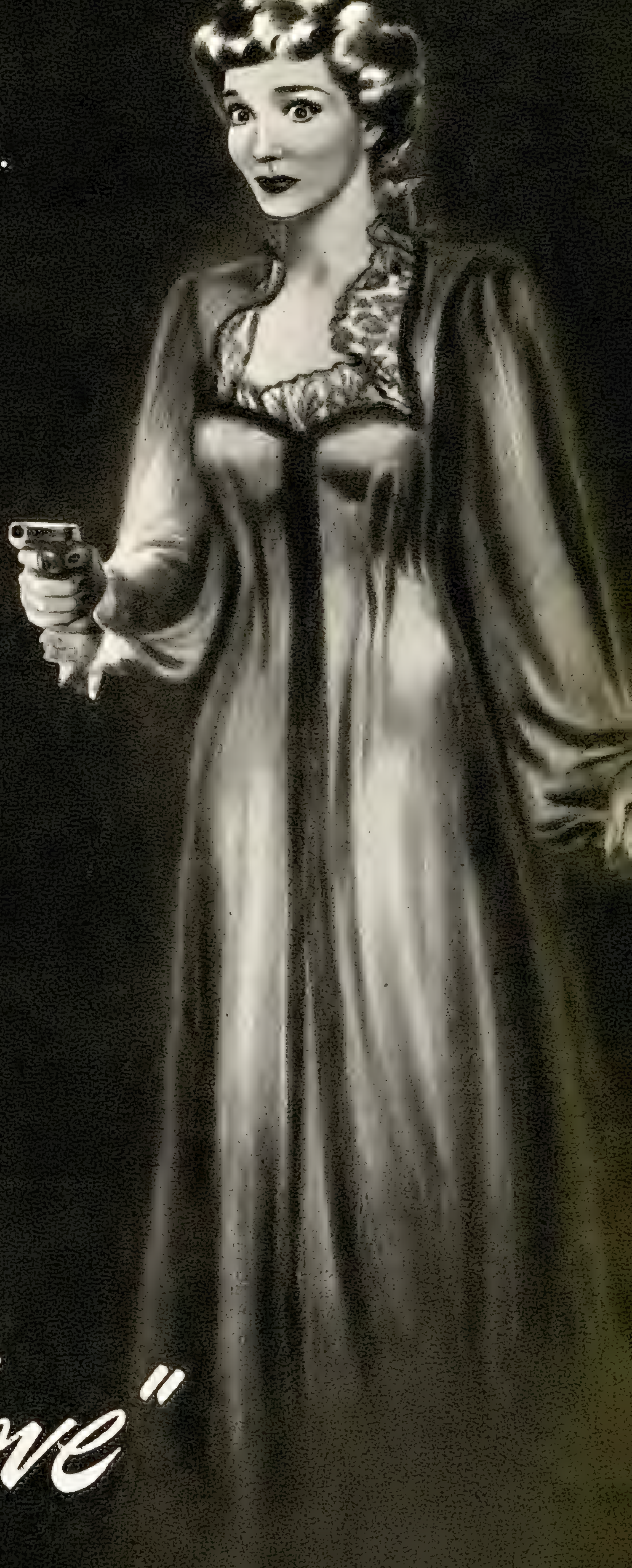
GOOD NEWS (M-G-M). A toe-tickling musical that is brimming over with the spirit of youth.

THE RED STALLION (Eagle-Lion). A picture for all the family, and especially the children.

TO LIVE IN PEACE (Lux-Pao). The Italians score another bull's-eye with this splendid picture.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY (Prestige). A swell film that makes Dickens' characters cringe and swagger.

...HELP ME! ... I DON'T WANT TO KILL...



Mary Pickford presents
the cast of the year in the picture of the year!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

ROBERT CUMMINGS

DON AMECHE

in

"Sleep, my Love"

with RITA JOHNSON · GEORGE COULOURIS · RALPH MORGAN

and **HAZEL BROOKS**

"Sleep, my Love"

Produced by Chas. Buddy Rogers and Ralph Cohn · Associate Producer Harold Greene · Screenplay by St. Clair McKelway and Leo Rosten
Directed by Douglas Sirk · Director of Photography Joseph Valentine, A.S.C. · A Triangle Production released thru United Artists

MEAT BALLS

Mix well:
- 1 pound ground beef
- ½ pound ground pork
- 3 slices bread, moistened and squeezed dry
- 1½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- Sprinkling of nutmeg
- Tiniest pinch of orégano
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 3 sprigs parsley, chopped
- 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 eggs

Form into balls between wet palms (2½ long by 1½ inches thick). Fry in hot skillet containing ½ inch olive oil. Cook balls slowly until nicely browned on all sides. Serve bordered around spaghetti and sauce. Makes 12 balls.

BUDGET-CONSCIOUS HOUSEWIVES CAN TAKE A TIP FROM

WHAT THE CHEFS ORDER

BY BEULAH KARNEY, *Liberty's Food Editor*

WITH food, as with people, the lowly are often the great.

This fact bobbed up with uncanny frequency when I interviewed top-flight chefs in famous Chicago restaurants. And Chicago, as any school child knows, is the meat center of the world.

I reasoned, "If I can only discover what the chef orders for himself, I will have unlocked some of the most cherished secrets of the culinary world."

These men can have anything they want to eat. What do they select?

Well, the answer is not what you think. Nor is it what the average man orders, nor his wife for him. As any butcher will tell you.

Mr. Norman Draper of the American Meat Institute and one of the best-informed men in the field, thinks it explains the high cost of steak. Perhaps even the high cost of living. To the average American they are one and the same; his Technicolor dream of good living is visualized in browned-to-a-turn steak for dinner every Sunday. Now, fourteen million Americans who never knew what a pay check was are cashing pay checks every Saturday. And as they transform the white paper into greenbacks, they order bright red porterhouse steaks, thick loin chops, or ample rib roasts for their families.

It stands to reason that these popular cuts of meat are more expensive and harder to get. Moreover, it is going to get increasingly harder until July.

Fifteen per cent less cattle were sent to feed-lots last fall than were

Exhibition
Louis Weiner

Riccardo serenades guests at his studio restaurant in Chicago.

SARRA

sent there a year ago. That means 15 per cent less finished meat this spring. It's plain to see that somebody should enjoy a rib-sticking casserole of deep-hued braised ox joints and vivid colored vegetables, or a rugged platter of ham hocks and oven-browned sauerkraut, or a lusty plate of crusty meat balls and spaghetti topped with ruby-red tomato sauce.

I found out the one who chooses these dishes is the top-bracket chef. He's the man "who knows food and knows it best."

For instance, one of the most talked-about men in food is scholarly Arnold Shircliffe, who operates the Wrigley Restaurant on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. A true gourmet of the old school, he can whet up a glorious appetite just talking about honeycomb tripe creole. And did you know that tripe almost digests itself? If you don't like the sound of that, then grilled veal kidneys with butter sauce and parsley are "wonderful. Ah, just wonderful!" And so is a meal of pig's feet with oven-browned sauerkraut and mustard sauce.

Another most talked-about man in the eating world is Durriess Crane, food director of the Stevens Hotel and Palmer House. When I asked him what he liked best, he replied, "Milk and crackers." But his assistant smiled and said, "My taste is more plebeian. It's prime roast beef, rare."

Chef Paul Brunet of the Palmer House runs true to form, dishing up a New England boiled dinner when he serves himself – boiled beef and root vegetables.

What is the reason for all this? I would go to Riccardo's Studio Restaurant over on Rush Street. Riccardo is not the typical chef. The artist, yes. Oh, he will tell you it is the same thing. "Doesn't a cook blend spices for pleasing effect," he will say, "the same as the painter blends his colors?" But still it is the artist in Riccardo that gives savor to his food. He went into the restaurant business mostly to have opportunity to exhibit his paintings and those of his artist friends. Also, to insure himself against hunger. And remembering that, he has never raised his prices. But he is still not the typical chef. The typical adventurer, yes, with a spirit to create that produces good cooking round the world, as he has done. He came to America from Italy, where he was a cook. Once here, he became waiter, dancer, truck driver, painter, sailor, interior decorator and, finally, painter.

Now, it takes imagination to do all that. And in these days of high prices it takes that flair for creating something exciting out of the commonplace.

Riccardo does – with meat balls and spaghetti, which he says is his cheapest as well as his best dish.

What of that constant clamor for steak – steak – steak? Only the day before, there had been a letter on the high cost of living from a housewife (a radio listener of mine). Her name was Mrs. F. J. Engels of Janesville, Wisconsin, married for 22 years, with a family of seven to cook for on a budget of $35 a week. We put in a long-distance call.

"What is the favorite dish at your house?"

The answer came back, loud and certain: "STEAK!"

And then: "But they don't get it any more. What they get is meat balls in tomato sauce. We had that for dinner last night. I served the meat balls in a noodle ring."

Then she said she served leftovers on Tuesdays, cleaned out the icebox on Thursday, had fish on Friday, and on Sunday a roast shoulder of pork, maybe, with dressing. Monday, often, meat loaf. At least that's what they had that week. The nearest they came to steak was breaded veal shoulder chops. But more often than not, it's hamburger in some form at her house. "But oh, did her family go for steak!"

It was obvious now: What America wants is what she doesn't get. Maybe, though, if you do it after the manner of Riccardo's round-faced chef, Raffello Lucchesi, your family, too, will pick it as the number one winner even from a repertoire of chicken cacciatore ($2.50) or lobster fra Diabolo ($3.50) as do Riccardo's diners. A spaghetti-and-meat-ball dinner, everything included, costs $1.35, and all the while you can see, for free, paintings exhibited by some of America's greatest artists, including Vincent D'Agostino, Louis Weiner, William Schwartz, Ivan and Malvin Albright, Aaron Bohrod, John Groth, Rudolph Weisenborn.

Riccardo's Spaghetti and Meat Balls

(Serves six)

I watched Chef Lucchesi make spaghetti for 125, then cut down the recipe to family size, serving six generously. The groceries cost me, on the Chicago market, approximately $1.20 for the meat balls, 70 cents for the sauce, 24 cents for the spaghetti. Or about 35 cents a serving for spaghetti and meat balls, or 16 cents a serving without meat balls. Here's the recipe.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE

To be served with or without meat balls

Fry in
- 4 tablespoons olive oil:
- 1 onion, minced
- 3 tablespoons parsley, minced
- 2 cloves garlic, mashed
- 1 cup celery, chopped

Add and brown
- ¼ pound ground beef

Add:
- 1 pint canned tomatoes
- 1 6-ounce can tomato paste
- 1½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- 1/16 teaspoon orégano
- 1/16 teaspoon nutmeg
- ⅛ teaspoon thyme
- 1½ cup stock or water and 1 bouillon cube

Simmer slowly for 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Makes 1 quart. Serve over cooked spaghetti (8-ounce package serves 3 to 4). Sprinkle grated Parmesan-style cheese on top. Serves 6 to 8.

N. B.: To cook spaghetti use plenty of boiling salted water, allowing 1 tablespoon salt for each three quarts of boiling water. Don't overcook.

This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Karney designed to help American families keep healthy and wealthy in these days of shortages and strained budgets.

How to get a Man with a Meal!

Every clever woman knows that the male of the species is susceptible to good cooking! The following dishes—made with Heinz Tomato Ketchup—are designed to help *you* capitalize on this great weakness!

Splurge on a Steak!

To snare a man, first snare a good steak. Have the broiler hot as can be. Sear on one side – then the other. Broil the desired length of time—seasoning each side. Place on *heated* platter—crown with a large lump of butter. Serve with Heinz Tomato Ketchup.

Show him you're Thrifty!

Let him know you're practical, as well as pretty! Try this Creole creation: Brown 1 pound link sausages. Add ½ cup each of chopped onion, celery, Heinz Tomato Ketchup, water and 1 Tbs. Heinz Cider Vinegar. Simmer, covered, about 15 minutes. Makes five big servings!

Sauce for the Gander!

Every good cook must have up her pretty sleeve a few "mysteries" which set her food apart. This one you'll probably keep a secret, because it's too simple to reveal: Combine ¾ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup and ½ tsp. dry mustard. Serve atop grilled hamburger or pork chops.

Sure lure for any man, any day, is Heinz Tomato Ketchup! And every day, every year, Heinz Tomato Ketchup has the same inviting, full-bodied richness – the same zest of "Aristocrat" tomatoes, pure cane sugar and fine vinegar. No other ketchup *tastes* like Heinz, because no other ketchup *is* like Heinz!

Heinz Tomato Ketchup

H.J.HEINZ CO.
HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY H.J. HEINZ COMPANY

57

THE BENNY SHOW

PHOTOS BY JACK

Benny and his writers cooking up ideas. Left to right: Sam Perrin, Jack, John Tackaberry, George Balzer, and Jeanette Eymann (script girl).

Jack wants spontaneous laughs, so he never lets his musicians hear the before showtime. Here Dennis Day and conductor Eddie Oliver warm

Waukegan's pride and joy dishing out humor with the assistance of Phil Harris and radio actor Frank Nelson, the chap with the irritating voice.

Mel Blanc, show's imitator. His latest is the Krasna laugh, named for No Krasna, film maker, who guffawed at a Benny gag that left others

RADIO comedians come and go, but Jack Benny seems to go on forever. After 16 years the Benny program is still among the top four. Benny's show has changed less than any on the radio. That is because it offers the most enduring kind of comedy. Jack makes his situation comedy so convincing it becomes necessary to distinguish the real Benny from the Benny of the air waves.

For example, he is actually a lavish tipper and not the penny-pincher he portrays on his show. Rochester doesn't have to beg for a raise. He gets one of the highest salaries in show business. Dennis Day not only does not have to mow Jack's lawn, he is paid enough to hire a staff of gardeners if he so desired. Nor does

America's greatest radio comedy show and the man who is its head writer, producer, and star

Jack and wife, Mary Livingston, at final script rehearsal before show.

Gravel-voiced Rochester, with Benny since 1937, and Sam Perrin.

Coast-to-coast laugh. Don Wilson, the rotund announcer for Benny.

The Sportsmen. Bill Days, Max Smith, Marty Sperzel and Gurney Bell.

Arty Auerbach, of "peekle in the meedle" fame, and Mary Livingston.

Favorite Benny trick is to top a pay-off line, then top the topper.

Mary Livingston really think Jack is a dope. If she did, she would never have married him. She spends most of her time being Mrs. Jack Benny, handling the affairs of their Beverly Hills home, and mothering Joan, the Bennys' 14-year-old adopted daughter. Jack doesn't drive a Maxwell; he has a slinky new convertible. Benny doesn't keep his money in a vault in his cellar, although it is rumored that he owns Fort Knox.

Jack is actually head writer, producer and, of course, star of the show. But as head writer he never minimizes the importance of his writers, and backs up his respect for them with hard cash. The show is one of the few whose script does not have to be approved by the sponsor. Benny owns his own time on NBC. That means sponsors may change but Benny controls the magic hour of 7 P. M. (E.S.T.) on Sundays. This in itself is a big selling point, since Benny has become a national habit. A rough outline of each week's script is drafted after the Sunday-night show. Monday is rest day. Tuesday the writers pair off and work on separate parts of the show while Jack ponders the show as a whole. On Thursday they all get together. Polishing is done on Saturday. Sunday there is a final rehearsal and a last check with the writers. Then at five minutes to four (P.S.T.) Jack Benny walks out on the stage of NBC's Hollywood auditorium, ostentatiously waves a big cigar at the studio audience, and exclaims, "Welcome to the Lucky Strike program!"

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS
TO GOOD TASTE

Oysters and Lobsters gave the Trail its Start

When Henry Wells started what was to become Wells, Fargo & Co., few people could see any need for express service. He finally sold his idea by delivering fresh oysters and lobsters far inland where such delicacies never before had been seen. His express company went beyond Buffalo to St. Louis and Chicago and then fanned out through the hazardous West to the Coast.

Today, railway and air express deliver whatever you want anywhere and fast. Tables all over America are enriched by delicacies from everywhere which combined with Budweiser make that notable difference between eating and really dining. Every sip tells you why Budweiser has become something more than beer . . . a tradition in hospitality.

Budweiser
It lives with good taste everywhere

Budweiser
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
SAINT LOUIS

RESTLESS REDHEAD

Continued from Page 31

an exclusive model, as the dressmaker had said. (And it better be, Chloe had thought when she got the bill.)

"Then there's the way you feel," Hump continued. "Your attitude toward—well, take your husband, for instance." He had an odd, wary expression. "How do you feel about your husband?"

"Why, he's—" She paused, thinking, How can you say in words what Ax is? They don't make that kind of words. But then Hump's expectant face told her that she needn't bother; all Hump wanted was one of those easy flippancies. "Well, he's a nice, amusing gent," she said.

"You see?" cried Hump triumphantly. "A nice, amusing gent! Catch Mrs. Glub describing her husband that way!"

"Well," said Chloe, "*her* husband probably isn't."

"Irrelevant. I mean, she's so wrapped up in being married to him that she can't think of him as a separate person. Which is as it should be, from her point of view. She doesn't want what you want out of life."

"Don't keep me in suspense," she went on. "What do I want out of life?"

"I can think of things I wish you wanted," Hump began, and for a moment his eyes, warm and eager, met hers. Then he continued briskly, "You want excitement. Domesticity would bore you to death. You want a life of your own, a career aside from your husband."

Of course she did. That was what Alex seemed to forget. As she looked across at Hump's enthusiastic face, she began to wonder. Maybe this brittle, amusing creature was her real self, that Hump alone discovered and understood.

Still, by the time the session was over, she was shaky with tiredness.

Back in her own office, she sank into her chair and raised a hand in feeble greeting to Hildegarde, who had just left a pile of papers on her desk.

"Well!" Hildegarde gave her a sharp glance. "Who's been nipping at your heels?" She didn't wait for an answer. "L. L. Humphrey, of course," she decided. "I'd know his fine Italian hand anywhere."

Hildegarde was the old-timer at Your Home. Not the dowdy, crotchety, humble kind of old-timer. Far from it. Hildegarde's figure, in its smart expensive clothes, was flat as a girl's, her lipstick flag-bright against her perfect teeth, her gray hair sleek and stylish. Nothing worried her. Day after day, for twenty-odd years, she had been clicking out crisp messages to Mrs. Glub.

"Hump's really quite taken with you, you know." Hildegarde's voice was slightly hoarse—perhaps from the whisky sours she drank every evening. "In a way, you're his ideal."

"I thought Mrs. Glub was," Chloe interrupted, wearily.

"Oh, she is! He's got two ideals. Class A is Mrs. Glub, the ideal wife and mother. He really believes in her. That's why he's a good editor. But when it comes to personal fascination, he'll take Class B. Which is you. Sophistication, darling. The smart career woman. Gals like you and me." And Hildegarde patted Chloe lightly on the head and left.

"Gals like you and me." Chloe didn't quite like being bracketed with Hildegarde, and that was odd. Hildegarde was smart and self-sufficient, just the kind of career woman Chloe intended to be. . . .

"The Wendells seem to be fighting," said Alex.

Chloe looked down at her ice cream, melting away in its little silver dish.

"I simply do not see, I simply cannot understand," she said, "how you could do a thing like this without even mentioning it to me." Not only had she not been consulted. Days had gone by—three of them since last Saturday—and she had not even been *told*. Waiting, Alex had said, for "a good opening." Whatever that might be.

"I've told you how it was," said Alex. "I hardly knew what was happening myself until the deal was closed." And with insulting patience he told the whole fantastic story all over again. Last Saturday afternoon he had changed himself—just like that—from a bright young advertising man into a small-town editor. He had bought (yes, bought) something called the Poplar Corners Inquirer, and this week-end he was Going Up for good.

"You could have called me," she cut in bitterly.

"O.K. You're asking for it." Alex's voice, resolutely quiet up to now, grew harsh. "I didn't call you because I was scared you'd talk me out of it. I knew you'd do your damndest, which is pretty good, as I remember it. And I knew I'd never forgive you—or myself either—if I let you talk me out of it. Because the Poplar Corners Inquirer is just exactly what I want, and have wanted, for years."

Somehow that was humiliating too —not to have realized, until tonight, how bone-sick Alex was of his job.

"Never mind what I want," she said. "Oh, no. Never mind me."

He opened his mouth and then closed it, without saying anything. Infuriating.

"I can't possibly live up there, Alex. I mean, I'd lose my mind."

"You don't know it isn't what you want till you've tried. At least I know what I don't want. I don't want to spend the rest of my life writing about mellow tangs and rich—"

"You'd rather write about Mrs. Glub's last strawberry social, I suppose?"

"All right." He brought his hand down on the table so that the silverware shuddered. "Yes. All right. I would."

"That's interesting," she said. (Inadequate, but the best she could do at the moment.) "I must say, that gives me a fascinating new view of your—"

Alex wasn't even listening. "If you ask me," he blurted out in a loud, hurried voice, "you don't know what you want. You might even relax up there and be yourself, instead of the gay sophisticate of Your Home." He stood up.

The gay sophisticate of Your Home (she hated him for that, she would never forgive him for it) drooped over the bar beside Hildegarde.

"I've got a dinner date tonight," Alex had said stiffly at breakfast. "Probably be tied up all evening." So that took care of tonight. The old freeze technique. Well, two could freeze as cheaply as one.

That's what Chloe had thought this morning, subconsciously counting, she supposed, on Hump. Because the drooping had set in after Hump's three-o'clock departure. A breezy big-conference-ahead departure. Briefcase under his arm, eyes bright, hair momentarily slicked down. All topped off with an enthusiastic kiss which caught Chloe completely off guard. Embarrassed her a little, too. Such wholehearted zest! In broad daylight.

"What's eating on you?" Hildegarde settled down contentedly over her whisky sour.

Hildegarde listened beautifully. She made no comments, she nodded her head at the right moments, she kept her eyes considerately fastened on her drink.

"Of course you can't give up your job," she said, when Chloe had finished. "You're not a Mrs. Glub, and there's no use trying. Just put it to him straight—the Poplar Corners Inquirer or you."

"I practically did," said Chloe bleakly, "and the Poplar Corners Inquirer seems to be way out in front."

"Well—" Hildegarde paused, and her brows lifted, half humorously, half bitterly. "Here's how I feel about men. They're nice to have around, but they can be a nuisance —if you let them. You get involved, and before you know it, you're not leading *your* life at all."

Chloe gazed off into the shadowy corner of the bar where Alex's face seemed to be peering at her desperately. "Couldn't the man get involved too?"

"Naturally. Only, men are smarter at keeping it casual. And that, little ones, brings us to the famous Hildegarde motto: Keep it casual. That way, you're sure of not getting hurt. I can guarantee it. Personally."

"I don't see how you're going to keep it casual," Chloe began, "when you—"

"Practice," said Hildegarde prompt-

(*Continued on page 54*)

For you who want the best- GIBSON

Double Feature REFRIGERATOR

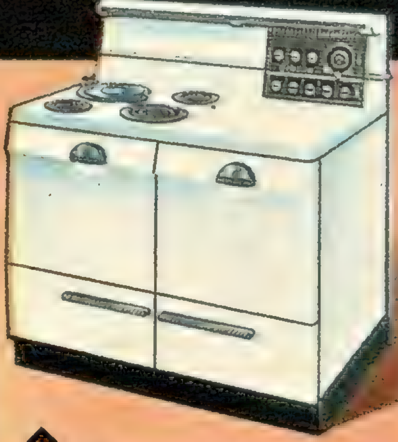
FREEZ'R LOCKER

To freeze and preserve all kinds of frozen foods—whatever you want, whenever you want it, in season or out! Meat, fish and game . . . vegetables, fruit and prepared dishes—all kept at the peak of flavor perfection until serving time. Here's the *original* Freez'r Locker—not an imitation—pioneered and perfected by Gibson. It's a built-in, integral part of the great new Gibson, the refrigerator that gives the most for your money!

FRESH'NER LOCKER

Another innovation created by Gibson—a big, wall-to-wall compartment where your fresh meats and vegetables, your choice fruits and salads will retain their farm-fresh goodness, their tempting eye appeal and their healthful vitamin content for days longer than with ordinary refrigeration! . . . And in addition to all this, your great new Gibson will give you faster freezing, greater ice cube capacity, more bottle space, a dry-crisper bin for crackers and cereals—*plus* the most efficient and economical operation you've ever known!

GIBSON
REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN



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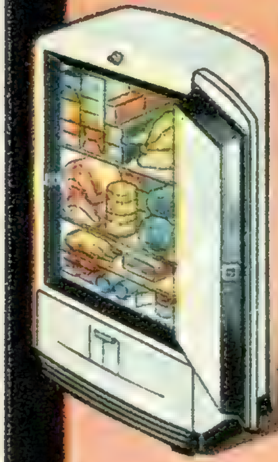
Kookall Automatic Electric Range

The *only* range equipped with UPS-A-DAISY, providing 4 surface units OR 3 surface units AND deepwell Kookall—all on the same range . . . Waist-high broiler, two complete ovens, concealed oven vent, easy-clean porcelain on steel.



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Upright Home Freezer

For freezing and keeping huge quantities of frozen foods . . . Easy-reach shelves behind individual glass doors—no diving and fumbling for packages . . . Upright design requires less floor space . . . Efficient, economical, practical!

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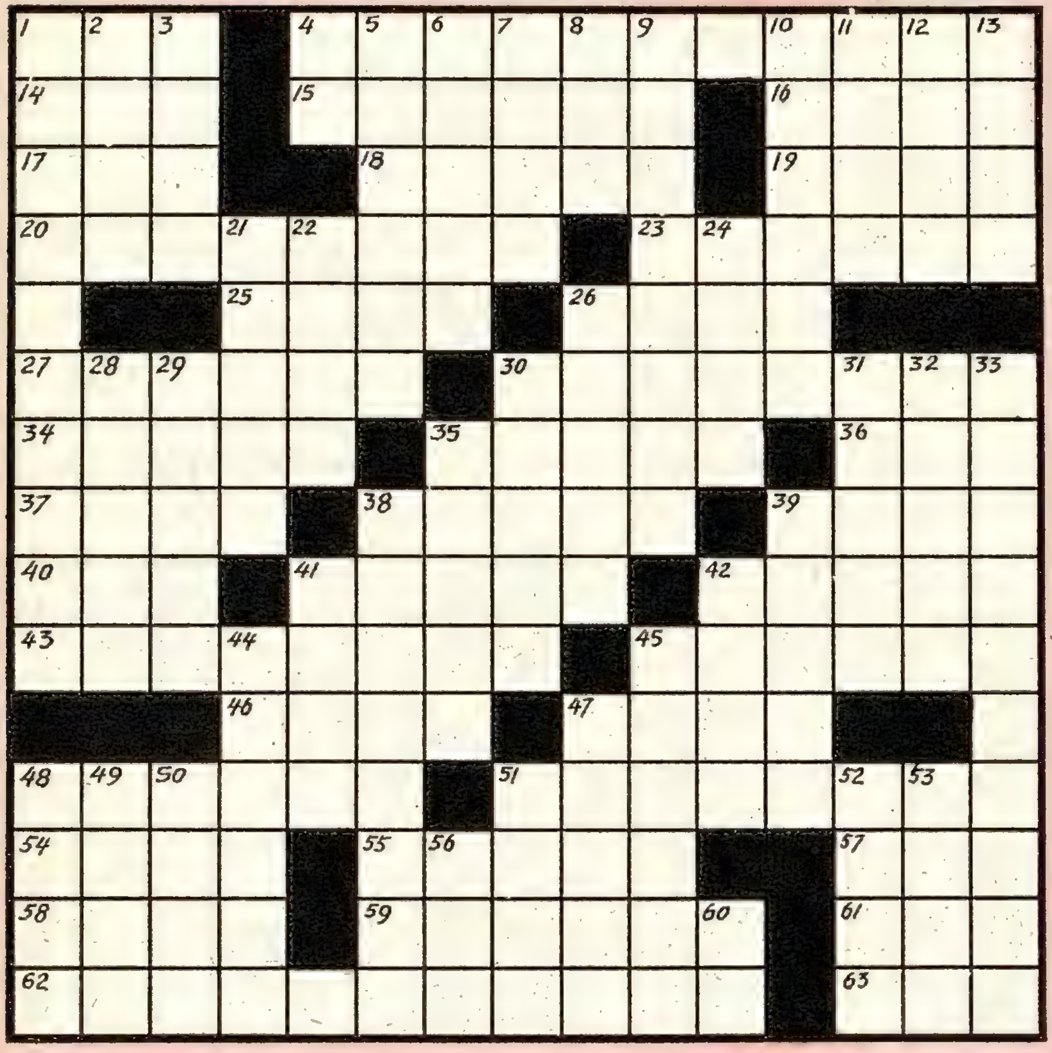
COCKEYED CROSSWORD

Puzzle 423 **BY TED SHANE** 2/1/48



HORIZONTAL

1 Best thing for a chicken on a hot stove to do
4 Main dish at a whinny roast
14 Hit springs heternal in the 'uman 'art
15 Complete: A this is a grave, only longer!
16 Buffalo's water hole
17 Motive power for a Scotch yocht
18 Darn nice Nordics
19 The Blue Bird of Economic Security before it went blind (abbr.)
20 Languid pipers
23 Easy-chair canine
25 Any sailor can get along with this pair of jerks
26 It's a give-away if you do this to anything
27 Makes belly knice knoises
30 Clannish ladies from hell
34 Atoms' parents
35 Womaniac
36 This way, please!
37 When you hear this, run, do not walk, to the nearest exit
38 A "A pediatrist is a foot doctor"
39 Hide o' the horange
40 Toast minus its insides
41 What the costomer does to his head if he doesn't care to pay present prices
42 Wrestle a woman in public while hundreds watch and the band plays on
43 Things congressmen sit in
45 They cause Frenchmen to wiggle nervously and step on each other's feet
46 Scotch nut warmers
47 So long *abed* (anag.)
48 Fruit of the upright tree
51 City of Pigskins and Roses
54 Iron wood
55 Clifford, where is thy sting?
57 Eye between kisses equals 19
58 Funny fellow, founded Arkansas Traveler, first name

A	U	T	O	M	O	B	I	L	E	■	H	E	M	S
B	R	E	R	■	M	O	R	A	L	■	A	D	I	T
S	N	A	G	■	E	X	I	L	E	■	R	I	S	E
■	S	M	A	L	L	■	S	A	M	■	E	T	T	A
■	■	■	N	O	E	S	■	S	E	A	M	■	■	M
C	A	N	I	S	T	E	R	■	N	E	S	T	O	R
A	R	I	S	E	■	N	E	R	T	S	■	R	I	O
F	E	E	T	■	A	N	N	A	S	■	H	A	L	O
E	T	C	■	B	R	A	T	S	■	R	I	D	E	M
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I	C	E	S	■	A	L	I	E	N	■	R	A	T	E
A	N	T	E	■	N	E	R	V	E	■	E	L	A	N
S	E	A	L	■	T	R	E	A	S	U	R	E	R	S

January Answer

59 Urban cornhusker
61 ½ lemon, ½ squash, ½ liquid
62 What the hungover were on midnight, Dec. 31
63 Workout for an editor (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1 When inflation hit the dress business, they went out on a limb over the women (two words)
2 Glamorock
3 Country below the Masono-Dixona Lina
4 Empty hog
5 Customers become waiters when they wait for these
6 Colossal catcalls
7 Offspring of the O'Gunns
8 "Mammy! What's Eden yuh? Cain't you Abel to do Adam thing?" cried the Serpent to No. 1
9 Alchemist who changed iron into steel
10 His motto, say G.I.s, is "Loot tenants!"
11 Old-fashioned moxie
12 You're in this if you refer to it as Ireland
13 What the early settlers settled on
21 Always up to the old grind, no wonder it's down in the mouth
22 What France prances at
24 Der Nazis kannen demselves runnin around in ein circle im Waldeck
26 Even the rent on these has gone up in the jungles
28 Western necktie
29 Les —— Unis, or, eno si kroY weN
30 Crowns
31 Loafers' hot spots
32 Shakespeare's mother's sister's mother was what to Bill's great-great-uncle's brother?
33 Collector's items (they penny you to death) (two words)
35 It takes the shirt off your back to get them
38 A pair of big guns sound off here
39 Whitened wisibly
41 Place where you can get Bangkokeyed
42 Screwball art
44 He'd rather heat than sleep
45 Place where girls go to learn to cook and clean by degrees
47 What farmers don't do till July
48 Cause of our splitting headache
49 He's alike as two p's
50 Rent's gone up here too (Think we're lion?)
51 Goat pedestal
52 Noodle investigation (abbr.)
53 Rare nides
56 I'm mad and all mixed up
60 Two different directions are given here (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

(*Continued from page 52*)

ly. "Years of practice. Oh, Lord knows, I've done my share of stewing over men. You can say what you will about husbands, but they're good practice. I probably owe mine plenty."

Of course Hildegarde must once have had a husband. Chloe hadn't ever thought about him before. "What happened to him?"

"He went away," said Hildegarde. "He was a nice soul, really, and we had a fine time." She seemed to muse, almost tenderly. Then her hoarse, brisk voice went on: "He was the traditional type—you know, a cottage and kiddies, and all like that. Well, I suffered at the top of my voice for a while, and then—"

Against Chloe's will, Hildegarde's words were doing something strange to Alex: making him an interlude in her romantic youth, someone she would remember with nostalgia twenty-five years from now. She heard this future Chloe saying half tenderly, "He was a nice soul, really. One thing about husbands, they're good practice. We had a fine time."

"Yes?" she said out loud, to shut out that tiny casual voice that lay far, far ahead.

"I decided I wasn't having any," said Hildegarde crisply. "So he went away. I expect he found himself a nice Mrs. Glub, bless his heart, and lived happily ever after."

And how about Hildegarde? She had kept her independence, all right. She was herself, her compact, invulnerable self, to the core. All it took was practice.

Plus whisky sours, thought Chloe, as she watched the bartender filling up their glasses again. Maybe Hildegarde depended on the whisky sours more than she knew.

ON Thursday night she waited up for Alex. She had to. The weekend was looming up, with the chill as penetrating as ever, and not another word said about anything except these pressing dinner dates of his that took all evening.

She put on the chartreuse lounging pajamas he had given her for her birthday, and she let her thick mahogany-colored hair hang down round her shoulders. Alex liked it that way and—who knew?—he might, through an oversight, actually look at her tonight.

He looked at her, all right. When he came in, he just stood still, in the entry, staring at her. Then: "Oh, Chloe!" he said miserably. In a little rush they were in each other's arms. She could feel his heart pounding away. "God spare me from another double feature," he sighed.

She waited until they were settled on the studio couch, with Alex's head in her lap. "Ax," she said, "what are we going to do?"

His steady gray eyes looked straight up into hers. "That depends on you."

"Maybe you could get a housekeeper up there, and I could keep my job and come up for week-ends." There was a silence. "Would you want it that way?"

"No," Alex said soberly. "It's not my idea of being married. But if that's the way you want it, that's the way it will be, because I don't want to be married to anybody but you."

"Look, Ax. Just because people are married to each other, they don't have to get all involved and lose their own identity."

"They have to get all involved," said Alex. "Otherwise it's just a week-end affair. Which isn't what I had in mind when we got married. It might work, for a while—"

"Your way, of course, is sure to work." Chloe sat very stiff and straight. "Oh my, yes. The little woman will take to cooking and sewing like a duck to water, and—"

Not very gently, Alex put his hand up over her mouth. "Save your bright cracks for the office force. They're wasted on me." He got to his feet and bent over her, his hands on her shoulders. "All I'm asking you to do is try it, Chloe. Or are you another Hildegarde?"

FRIDAY was an odd day. It was spent, of course, in the familiar bustle of the office, but it had an unreal, transient quality, like a day spent in traveling. It had a destination, too. Friday at six o'clock.

"If you're here at six o'clock on Friday," Alex had said, "I'll take it to mean that you're going to give it a try. If you decide no, then—then, I think I'd just as soon you wouldn't be here when I leave."

She even had traveling companions—two characters who carried on a stubborn, endless conversation in her mind. "After all," one of them said, "you've got to give if you're going to get anything out of being married. All he wants you to do is try it. What have you got to lose?" But here the other character spoke up firmly: "You've got everything to lose. You and Ax had a fine time, as Hildegarde would say. If you try it and fail, neither of you will remember the fine part. You'll get to hate each other. You've got to keep it casual if you don't want to get hurt."

At four, Hump looked in at her door. "Hi! How about you and me knocking off? I need a drink."

You and me both, thought Chloe as she slid onto the red-leather bar stool beside Hump. Another session of their little game, played over a drink, would do her good. But the flippancies didn't seem to run along with their accustomed glibness. And Hump himself was less exuberant than usual. Something on his mind. It would come out before long; Hump could keep nothing to himself.

It did come out, almost immediately. "Look, Chloe," and Hump's hand, urgent, clasped itself around her arm. "I don't want to rush you

(Continued on page 58)

LADY MEETS LION AND THEN . . .
E-E-E-K!
A COUGAR!
O-W-O-O-O! O-W-O-O-O!
SALLY BRETT AND HER BROTHER JOE, ARE JUST TURNING HOMEWARD AFTER A DAY-LONG RIDE IN STATE CANYON FOREST, WHEN . . .
THE DOGS HAVE TREED HIM! COME ALONG AND WATCH US GET HIM
YIP! YIP! YIP!
THAT'S THE END OF THAT CATTLE KILLER
NOW I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST... SKIN HIM AND HIKE TO CEDAR CITY BY DARK
THAT'S OUR BASE, TOO. SAY! YOU RIDE SIS'S HORSE AND WE'LL DOUBLE UP!
DINNER? THANKS, BUT I'D BETTER DRIVE TO THE RANCH. I'M HARDLY IN SHAPE TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC
DON'T WORRY, WE CAN CLEAN UP IN MY ROOM
HOTEL
LATER
RAZOR? SURE THING!
SHE'S A BEAUTIFUL GIRL
SAY, THIS BLADE'S SURE KEEN AND EASY-SHAVING... AND MY BEARD'S LIKE WIRE
TOUGH BEARD'S NO PROBLEM FOR THIN GILLETTES
I SURE WISH YOU'D ACCEPT. THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM AT THE RANCH AND...
WE STILL HAVE A WEEK, SIS. HOW ABOUT IT?
I'D LOVE IT
HE'S SO HANDSOME!
YOU SKIM OFF TOUGH BEARD SLICK AS SILK... GET BETTER SHAVES AND MORE OF 'EM... WITH THIN GILLETTES. NO OTHER LOW-PRICED BLADE COMPARES WITH 'EM FOR KEENNESS AND LONG LIFE. THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR RAZOR EXACTLY, TOO... NEVER SCRAPE OR IRRITATE YOUR FACE AS DO MISFIT BLADES. ALWAYS ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
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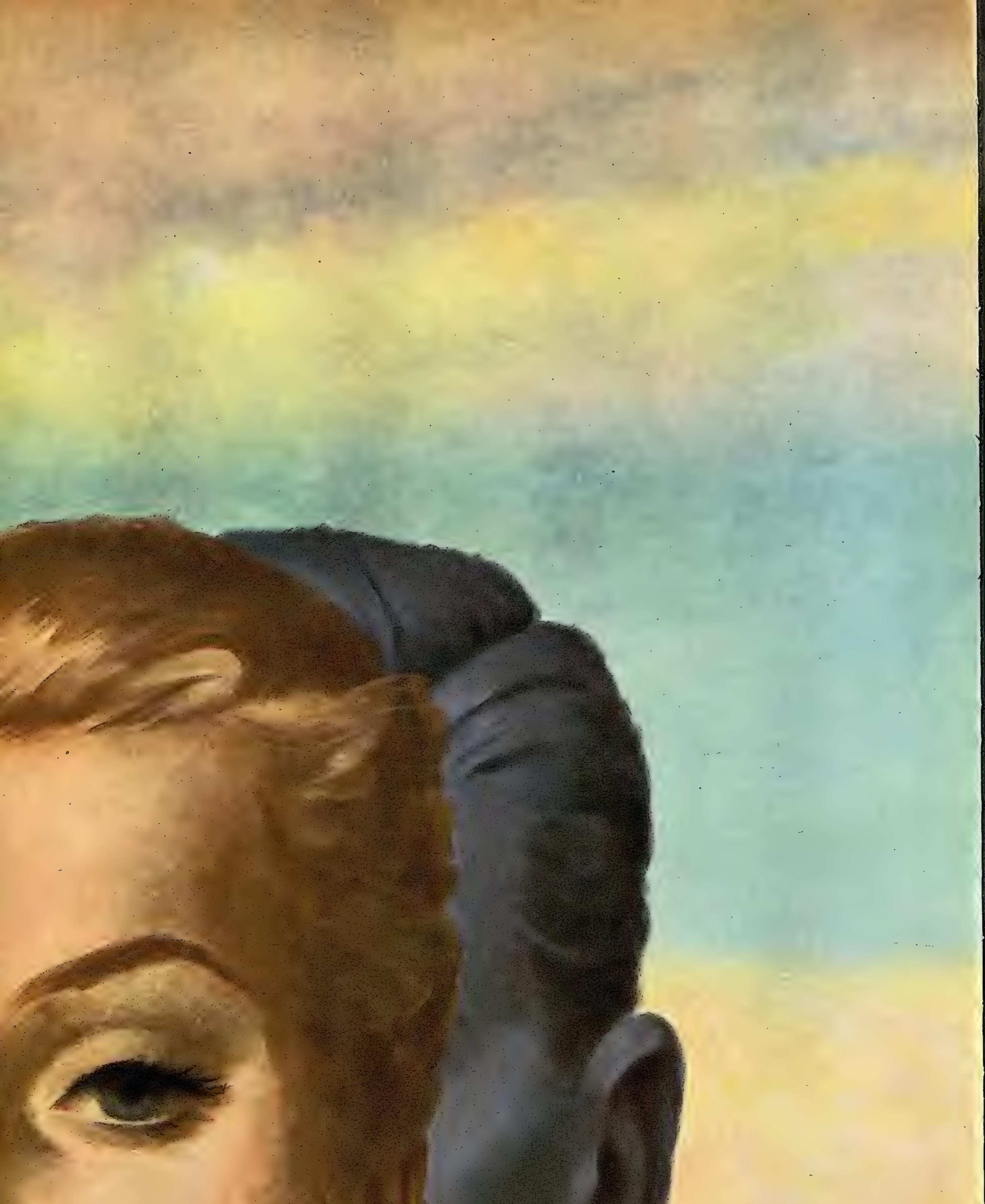

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FROM the head of the stairs Lonna gazed down. Herbert, her husband, was just coming in. He was large and handsome, growing stout. His head was dark with its mass of black hair. He was forty, ten years older than herself. His forehead and chin were square, strong, his flesh ruddy with health, his shoulders broad over the deep chest. A little bulge of flesh had formed at his waist, however.

His head turned up at the sound of her step. He stared, not smiling. He turned and went to a chair, dropped into it, and sat with his legs stiff and prim before him.

She came down the steps slowly. "You're late," she said.

"I am tired. I had a scene with a customer. I hate some of those women so. . . ."

She turned toward the open doorway, looked out on the green lawn, the sea wall with the blue Pacific beyond. "I was worried about you . . . but I reasoned that it was some small trouble."

"Having a woman refuse to take a Herbert Dawes exclusive that you designed and slaved over is no small trouble. I hear nothing but the magpie chattering of women—"

"Why did you marry, if we pain you so?"

"I just felt differently about you. You've . . . you've been a real man's woman. You hike, swim, fish. And you've been a friend." He spoke on, quickly, pleadingly. "You know, Lonna, how women have cluttered up my life. First my mother, always dominating me. Then my sister, getting everything. My boyhood . . ."

Her voice came kindly. "Let's get our bathing suits and spear some fish."

"Yes," he said. He was relaxing now.

She was ready first. She was sitting on the front step when he came around the house carrying the spears and the goggles. He dropped them on the grass and then went into the house to change. The spears shone evilly, their points, needle-sharp, pressed back on the springs that would thrust them out stabbing.

When he came back, in trunks, she

(*Continued on page 68*)

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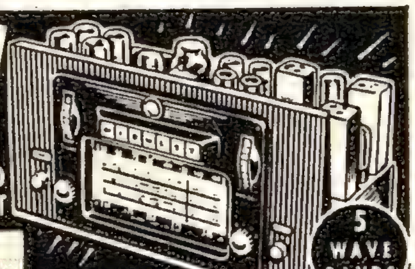

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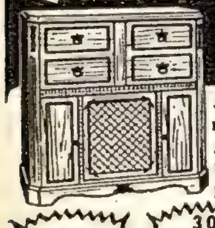

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(Continued from page 55)

into anything, but here we are, two normal adults, and—well—" He stopped, really floundering for once.

"Do go on." Her voice was unaccountably faint. "I'm all ears."

"I think you're wonderful," said Hump simply. "I want you to go away with me for a week-end. This week-end. I know a perfect place out on the Island. We can jump into the car and drive out there, and nobody need know the difference."

So here it is, Chloe thought, as she listened to his eager plans. Bound to come. The wonder was that it had stayed in the background this long.

A week-end with Hump. She considered it coolly. Yes, it would be no trick at all to keep it casual. Not a chance of anybody's getting hurt.

"I've got to make one last phone call," Hump was saying. "You have another drink while I'm gone, and then—" He signaled to the bartender, pressed her arm briefly against his side, before he left her.

He's very confident, Chloe thought. He doesn't doubt for a minute that I'll be here when he gets back.

THE clock above the bar pointed to five. She would have known it was five anyway, because Hildegarde was just coming in the door. For a minute she didn't see Chloe watching her in the bar mirror. She paused at the door, and her eyes searched the room hungrily for someone, anyone, to talk to, to make the whisky sours last longer.

Portrait of Hildegarde at five o'clock seen through a bar mirror. They did tricks with mirrors. They must be doing one now. Otherwise Hildegarde would look, as she always had before, enviably chic and self-assured. But the mirror—or something—was making the smartness of that fifty-year-old figure seem false to Chloe. False and empty. It was making that hungry glance of Hildegarde's almost embarrassing to watch, revealing someone lonely, bankrupt, pathetic.

Yes, Hildegarde had kept it casual. She hadn't got involved.

All at once Chloe was in a great hurry. Quick, quick, she was gathering up her purse, cigarettes, gloves. By the time Hildegarde reached her she was on her feet. Her greeting—and farewell—were breathless. "I've got to dash, Hildegarde. Tell Hump—he's coming back—that I couldn't wait—"

There wasn't any real need to run. But she did run. She flew down the street toward the subway. It might not work, she might not be strong enough, or smart enough, to be Mrs. Alex Wendell of Poplar Corners.

But you never knew till you tried.

She must write a note to Hump. She and Alex could mail it on their way. "I seem to be resigning," she would write.

She would sign it "Mrs. Glub."

THE END

THE GREEN-EYED IDOL

Continued from Page 27

"On second thought, I'll wait a while. I want to show you how I can take it or leave it alone." Boastfully Charley began to recite examples of his restraint, and then other incidents in which he had exhibited not only will power but bravery and wit. However, after about five minutes his tongue began to sound thick and there were lengthening pauses between his remarks.

"You won't need any more of this opium." Warwick carefully wrapped it up and put it in his pocket. "From your looks, anybody would think you'd smoked it all."

CHARLEY did not answer this, so Warwick shook him by the shoulder. "Don't go to sleep yet, old fellow," he said. "We've got lots more to talk over."

"I'm all right now—"

"Pull yourself together, man," Warwick insisted. "You know you've got both jewels in that bag. And aren't you the smart fellow who found out about the opium in the well?"

"I—don't know—a thing—"

"Wake up! You might like to find out what Newar was up to when he came sneaking to your blind. Well, he was going to kill you. The tiger saved you—that time."

"You devil! You hired him—"

"Did you think I was going to let you get away with both of those jewels, or even one? Charley Davis, son of Howard Davis! The natives still believe in you—but when they hear you're dead from opium smoking—"

"I—haven't—taken—enough—"

"You tried to get Dorothy back too, didn't you? You thought I didn't know. Well, rotten as she is, she belongs to me."

"I—can't—breathe—I'm dying—"

"I'll get the key to your bag. In your trousers pocket, I think." Roughly Warwick rolled Charley on his side. The door to the closet was softly opening.

"You've poisoned me," Charley gasped. "That quinine—"

"You shouldn't have got in my way, Charley. Ten grains of morphine and not a chance of it ever being pinned on me. You're not going to Calcutta. You're going—"

Judy was in the doorway, her pistol in her hand. Charley's right hand was near his shoulder, and Warwick's jaw a clean target. Lying on his side, he struck with all his strength.

Warwick reeled back and fell. With a curiously tigerlike vitality and litheness he was gathering himself to spring when he saw the gleam of Judy's pistol. "Put up your hands or I'll kill you," she was yelling. Perhaps he would have fought the death fight then and there, had not Charley come lunging out of bed, snatching up the broken chair, a murderous fury on his face. Warwick did not reach for his gun. With a choking gasp of terror, he showed them empty hands.

Still looking at him over her sights, Judy backed to a window and lowered and raised its curtain. That was the signal to the C.I.D. that the hunt was over.

THE first to reach the scene was the Madrasi called Tamil, whom Charley remembered as the driver of the taxi at his first meeting with Chatterji.

In impeccable English he spoke the curiously formalized declaration of arrest. Anything Warwick might say could be used against him.

"I've nothing to say to you," Warwick replied, submitting to the handcuffs. "I'll speak only to Sir Alan Lanark."

"Tamil, I'm in a hurry to look after Chatterji," Charley said, his voice trembling. "There's the glass of water that Warwick handed me for taking the capsules. His fingerprints are on it, and so are mine. Here are two capsules he gave me, which, by his own admission, heard by Miss Millroy, contain morphine. She'll give you a sworn statement—"

But suddenly it was apparent that Chatterji did not need looking after. He came puffing through the door, a big bandage around his head.

"By Jove, old chap," he addressed Charley, "you could take me for a turbaned Mussulman, but I've met with an acceedent." There was something in his expression that warned Charley not to speak freely in front of Warwick. Chatterji turned gravely to Tamil. "Mr. Policeman, I came to report a blighter taking a shot at me, but it appears that you are already busy with the case."

"No, sir," Tamil replied. "This is another case, but the two may be connected."

Both Charley and Judy realized that Chatterji was trying to conceal from Warwick his position with the C.I.D. The fewer who knew it, the greater his usefulness to the Department.

"You conspired with Charley to get those emeralds," Warwick broke in savagely. "You tricked me—but you'll both go to jail with me. Desecrating idols is an offense against the law—"

"Oh, that!" said Chatterji mildly. "Charley Davis, a private investigator for the C.I.D., employed me to bait you with a story of two emeralds—but I am a verree well-known antiquarian, verree glad to help out the authorities—but, you see, they never existed. Mr. Davis, will you show him the baubles?"

"Certainly." Charley unlocked his bag and held out the two glass balls for Warwick's inspection. "They're the ones you ordered in Calcutta. There never was any green-eyed idol."

Then Judy spoke: "May I give you my statement now? I want to go."

"Two police from Gauhati are on the way to Diwingari," Tamil replied. "You may give them your testimony and show them the opium cache."

"Very well. Charley, I'll see you later."

In an instant she had gone. Tamil led Warwick downstairs to await the arrival of the police.

"I must go too, Charley," Chatterji said. "My only connection with this case will be a secret report to headquarters. And I'm going to recommend you to a post in the C.I.D."

"Thanks, but I don't want it. I've had enough man-hunting to last me a lifetime."

Chatterji appeared to regret the decision; nevertheless he intended that Charley and Judy should get official recognition for their services.

Half dazed by the rush of events, Charley parted with Chatterji. Late in the afternoon he made a sworn statement to a superintendent of police.

Night had fallen when Charley saw the lights of Dorothy's car sweep up the driveway. He met her on the veranda.

"Charley!" she burst out. "I've heard the dreadful news!

"I knew John had secrets that he never told me. I was often afraid—but I never dreamed—"

"You don't need to make that explanation to me, Dorothy. I'm going to spend the night in Diwingari—may have to go to Shillong in the morning—and have waited to tell you good-by."

"Why good-by?"

"Well—"

"Why spend the night in Diwingari? You'll be more comfortable here. Charley—this doesn't have to change—*us*. Don't we understand each other pretty well? We ought to."

"I'll never understand you, Dorothy. I don't want to."

"What do you mean by that, Charley? Why do you treat me this way? Before this happened, I showed you how I felt. You said your feelings were the same. Charley, there could be such wonderful things—"

"You'll be all right, Dorothy. No charge will be made against you. Warwick's books will be examined and the import duty he owes for the smuggled opium will be collected, but you'll still have the land you inherited from your father. You'll probably want to sell it and move away. You can get a divorce and marry again. But I'm out of the picture."

She stood still, her sea-green eyes indrawn and very bright.

"You want Judy—instead of me? A Eurasian girl who's gone native?"

"I hope she won't go native, but I want her just the same. I'm going to ask her to marry me."

"I wish John had killed you!"

"Well, he almost did. That was his idea from the first."

"If you weren't so angry—if you'd take me once in your arms—you'd see," she told him in low tones.

"I couldn't go it, Dorothy. I can't go even one more pipe of opium either. That's all washed up."

The clean moist breeze from the hills seemed to wash him inside and out as he hastened up the driveway toward Diwingari.

BUT disquieting news was waiting for him there. Judy had gone to Gauhati in one of the police cars, and had taken the night plane to Calcutta.

"Was she ordered there by the

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police?" Charley demanded of his informant, old Yuanlin.

"Not that I know of, chela. But some of her father's people live there—"

"When's the next plane?"

"There is no haste, my son. She bade me tell you, if you are of that mind—if you love her and want her for your wife—though she did not use those very words—that she will be at this address—written on the paper—the third night from now. Until then you will be busy here—and at Gauhati and Shillong. There are many questions to be asked by the police sahibs, and much yet to be revealed of the chandoo business. So I have seen fit to ask a sahib to reserve you a place on the plane that takes wing on the afternoon of the third day."

"Holy One, I can't wait so long."

"The pretty little one cannot be reached till then. She told me so. Besides, chela, there is other business for which you must wait—a word to come from the Maharajah. Perchance then you will wish to buy a round-trip t-tickett, returning by way of Delhi."

"What would that word be?" Charley asked, barely able to steady his voice.

"It has come to me that the Deb-Rajah"—Yuanlin still used the old title—"will ask you to take your father's place as Trade Commissioner of Bhutan."

If Yuanlin had made the recommendation, it would in all probability go through. Born a great noble, he was a power in the country, second only to the Maharajah. It was a staggering offer—but Charley could not believe it yet.

"Hark to me, Holy One," he said in classic Bhutanese. "It would be a great honor and forever a joy to my heart. But it may be that she who is my greatest joy will not live the life of a mem-sahib, because of some old pain and rebellion against the ill-used name of half-caste. If so, I cannot take my father's place in the good office. I will seek a post as a forester, and she and I will dwell in the jungle—"

"That is for the future," Yuanlin broke in. "Now you are weary, so drink of your bottle, eat, and sleep."

On the afternoon of the third day Charley was waiting at the Gauhati airport for the Calcutta plane. The case was complete against Warwick—conviction certain; the flood of opium into eastern India had been reduced to a trickle. But Charley looked worried. He had telegraphed to the address Judy had left, boldly and fervently proposing, but without reply.

In his pocket was a telegram from the Viceroy, approving the Maharajah's request that he be appointed Trade Commissioner of Bhutan, but his final decision hung on the outcome of this day's journey.

His ticket was checked at the port. Entering the dim cabin of the big ship from the sun-glared field, he groped his way to a seat. Only then did he notice the stewardess, helping an elderly woman fasten her belt. The girl looked up and her eyes met Charley's. They were dark eyes, shining with excitement and mirth. Charley's jaw dropped.

It was Judy!

She came quickly to his chair. "Please fasten your belt, sir, and don't smoke until we're up," she told him cheerfully.

"Good Lord!"

"What's the matter? You didn't expect to see me—but this isn't my regular run. I changed places for this flight with Marie Gilda—you remember her—she was on duty when you flew up." Just then Judy saw an old gentleman in need of her services and sped to give them.

The ship took off, and when Judy's rush was over, he pressed his bell. She came obediently.

"How long have you been an air stewardess?"

"About two years."

"You've just been home on vacation?"

"Yes—and had a nice, very lively time."

"I'm so glad it happened during my visit home."

"A remarkable coincidence, don't you think?"

"If you knew you'd be on this ship, why bother to leave me that Calcutta address?"

"Well, I wasn't certain Marie could swap with me for this flight. I wanted to surprise you—I really fancy myself in this uniform—but gave you my uncle's address, to play safe."

"It was a big surprise. And so different from the clothes you wore in Diwingari and in the jungle."

"Oh, those! They're so comfortable—and I love to go barefoot."

But there was more to it than that. Judy liked "surprises," but she was a keen-witted, extraordinarily level-headed young woman. She had had a perfectly good and important reason for accenting her native blood, and he thought he knew what it was.

For the rest of the flight she was too busy to give him more than cheery smiles. But at the Calcutta airport he managed to be the last passenger off the ship.

"Where, and how soon?" he asked.

"In about two hours at the address I left with you."

He went there in a taxi, and was admitted to a pleasant unpretentious house by Mr. Millroy, Judy's paternal uncle, a solid English civil engineer. Charley was made welcome until Judy came down.

Soon he and Judy were seated at a wall table at the brightest spot in town. "That's a beautiful dress," Charley ventured. It was red, and cut to reveal her glossy shoulders and arms.

"It's an old one," she lied.

"I like your hair done up that way—as well as when you wore it down. But aren't those earrings new?"

"I had them set only yesterday. The rubies were given to me by Yuanlin. Aren't they beauties?"

Charley whistled softly. "Then you had a profitable as well as an exciting vacation." But his tone changed—he could no longer play this nonchalant game.

"Charley, my being there wasn't coincidence but some brazen scheming. I'd mentioned you to a girl in the Calcutta office, and she told me that you'd made a reservation for Gauhati. I pulled a string and took my vacation, beginning that day. I got to Diwingari only one day ahead of you. If you'd found the nerve to go home—after five years—when I'd decided never to see you again, I wanted to be there." She slipped her hand into his.

"Aren't you going to ask me why I wore native clothes?" Her eyes were big. "You've got the right to."

"I thought you'd tell me, if you wanted me to know."

"I think you do know—now. I'm a quarter Asiatic. I've met lots of Europeans who think that counts against me, but I'm proud of it. I wanted to know if—it counted against me with you. You might have changed in five years. I wanted to remind you of it—all the time. I went the whole hog. I suppose I was on the defensive. Then if, in spite of that, you still treated me as a mem-sahib—and, when I'd gone, wired that you loved me—" She stopped.

"What's the rest of it?" he asked, his eyes all lighted up.

"I was a-talkin' when I should have been a-listenin'." The American joke had traveled ten thousand miles.

"Leave it to me! And since the waiter's so slow in serving our dinner, let's be dancing when I tell you."

While a Negro orchestra played, he told of the post he had been offered by the Viceroy. It would mean being cut off from European civilization for weeks at a time. If she went with him, they would both be high-class jungle wallahs. But if she had had enough flying . . .

She told him how she felt about that, making herself clear. And when they returned to their table, he called for a telegraph blank, wrote a message, and handed it with a lavish five-rupee note to the Number One boy.

"And be careful it is not lost," Judy told him in Hindustani. "It is an important message from the new Trade Commissioner of Bhutan to His Excellency the Viceroy."

"I will safeguard it," the head-waiter replied, too impressed to remember his white-company manners, "even as your exalted father safeguarded the precious jewel of your virtue, Renee mem-sahib!"

Suddenly Charley thought of May de Castro, in whom the East and West had met. No less than Judy was she the heroine of this adventure. He remembered the threat which she had defied. Tonight, in all Calcutta, she could buy only a few pipes from frightened peddlers. She had known that would be the case if the venture won, yet she had told the secret that made it possible.

He was out of the Black Smoke and could see Judy clearly—be aware of her in every revived sense. A waiter brought them their dinner. A bottle of champagne was being iced in a bucket. The orchestra would play till long after midnight, and love and life were good.

THE END

THE MAN WITH MY FACE

Continued from Page 21

back door?" he asked me. "Say, where'd you get the hat and coat?"

"And even a package in your hand," Ethelene said. "Chick, it's enough to scare somebody."

"Wait a minute," Cora said, indicating the hall door. "He's in *there*. And where," she asked me, "did *you* come from?"

"Let's start at the first," I said. "If you want me to—"

I don't remember just what I was going to say, because a man came in from the hall. The other three looked from me to him blankly. The man didn't notice me. He sat down in the empty chair, picked up his hand and said, "Let's see, who dealt this mess?"

Something prickled at the back of my neck. I had the uncomfortable feeling that this was a dream. Because this guy who'd walked in from the hall was wearing my suit, my hair, my face, and even my ears. And a man generally figures without thinking about it that what he wears above the neck is, for better or worse, a unique model.

The other three just gawped from me to him and back again. And then the man with my face saw me standing in the entranceway, and his eyes widened.

"For crying out loud," he said.

"And who the hell are you?" I said.

Cora said to him, "Chick, is he your brother or somebody?"

The man put down his cards and felt of his face, as if to make sure he still had it. He stood up slowly. "What's the deal, pal?"

This was no rib. That guy with my face wasn't joking. Cora and Ethelene were dead white except for lip rouge. Buster's round face was working nervously.

This guy was taking my place! He was sitting there in my chair, wearing my clothes and my face and my ears, and he was taking over! Well, that's just what *he* thought. I was sore all of a sudden, and I was plenty sore. This was no rib.

"Start talking, brother," I said.

"Jiggs!" the man said.

I stopped dead, and the hair seemed to rise on the back of my neck. My bull terrier had been lying

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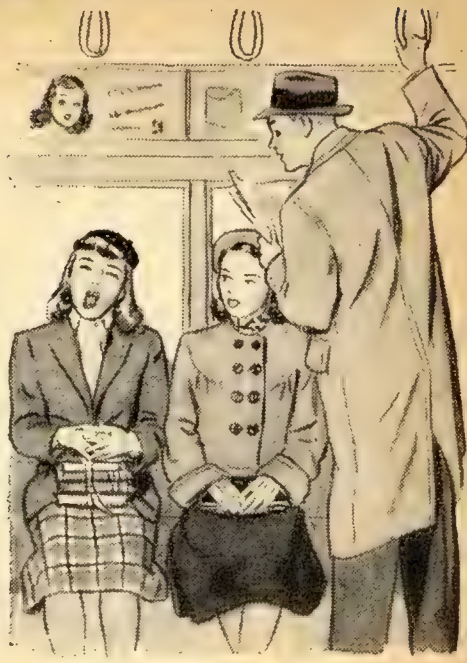

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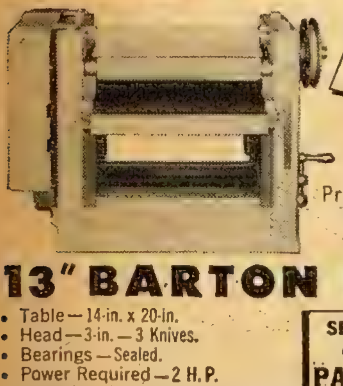

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before the fireplace. As I started for the guy, my dog had come up, growling at me.

"Jiggs!" I yelled at the dog. "Lie down!"

My dog showed its teeth at me.

"Be careful, mister," Cora said to me. "Leave that dog alone."

"Just don't make any sudden moves, pal," the man with my face said.

Buster jerked a thumb at me. "Say, who *is* this guy?"

Cora said, "He must be the one who was phoning."

"I don't like this," Ethelene said. "I don't like it at all."

"Who is *this* guy?" I cried. "What's going on here? What's wrong with my dog?"

"What's the pitch, pal?" the man with my face asked. "Do you want something, or just what is it?"

Cora said to him, "He just walked in."

"We were just sitting here," Ethelene said. "We thought it was you. You'd gone into the bathroom and I figured you'd slipped on your hat and coat and gone out the back door and then come in the front."

"Except your hat and coat are still on the sofa, Chick," Buster said to him. "That's what got me, the hat and coat."

"All right, pipe down!" the man with my face said irritably. And to me: "All right, pal. If you want something, let's have it; and if you don't—why, good-by."

I called him a name and started for him. "Jiggs!" he said, just in time. My dog stopped inches from me, growling. "You better get back and stay back, pal," the man said. "I'll let him take you next time."

"This has got me whipped," Buster said to the man. "Except I was with you at the office today and drove you down here after work, Chick, when he came in that door I could have swore it was you."

"I still don't get the pitch, pal," the man said to me. "What are you trying to get away with here, anyhow?"

"Cora," I said to my wife, "I don't know what's going on, but you know *me*. You know that guy's not me. His voice isn't the same. I never called anybody *pal* in my life."

CORA looked around the table with astonishment. "Well, I never in my born life! Chick," she said to the man with my face, "he's trying to palm himself off as *you!*"

"Buster," I said, "*you* know me, for God's sake! I was with you today in the office. Where'd you pick up *this* joker?"

"I'm not buying any," Buster said. "Chick, I think we better call the cops."

"I don't think he's *right,*" Cora said.

"Get out of here," the man with my face told me. "Good-by, pal."

"Look, here's the pork chops, Cora," I said. It was insane that I should be trying to convince my wife that I was her husband. "We got up at six this morning. You got breakfast while I shaved. Buckwheat cakes with an egg on top—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Cora cried. "Chick, can't you get rid of this guy?"

"Take it easy, Cobra," he said gently. That name, Cobra, was a secret name that I called her at intimate moments. Nobody but she and I knew that name.

"Please go, mister," Cora said. "The dog's dangerous."

"Like hell I will! I'll stay here and see this through—"

"*Gofer!*" the man with my face snapped. It was the word I'd trained my dog to obey, if I spoke it. The dog raced for me and leaped for my throat. I flung up my arms and something that felt like a heavy electric shock went through my right wrist, shaking it, numbing it. I heard Cora and Ethelene scream.

"Break away, Jiggs!"

The dog released my wrist, and stood eagerly awaiting the command to attack again.

"Now, get out of here," the man with my face said.

I didn't argue. I got out of there.

I WALKED down to the corner and looked at my wrist under the street light. Thanks to the overcoat sleeve, the skin wasn't broken, but there were deep blue dents. I couldn't close my hand or open it.

I went over to Woodside Road and had walked about a mile, when a police car drew alongside. "Going some place?" the cop asked.

"You're the answer to a prayer. I was hoofing in to get the police."

"What's up?"

"I just got kicked out of my own house."

"Yeah? What house is that?"

"My name's Graham. I live over here off the Alameda."

"Get in," he said.

I was boiling mad. And I was a little bit afraid. Not for myself, but for Cora and Buster and Ethelene. That joker who was trying to step into my place must be, I figured, unbalanced. I had a madman in my house, in my shoes, in my face and my ears. The dog? Well, something was behind that, too. I'd find out.

The police car pulled up before my place and we went to the front door and the cop rang the bell.

Buster opened the door. "Well, I see you got him, officer."

The cop shoved me ahead of him through the door. Cora and Ethelene and the man with my face were at the card table. The cop took a good look at me and at the man with my face. "Well, I'll be damned."

"I know what you mean," the man with my face said. "And how do you think *I* felt, him walking in here?"

"I don't think he's quite right," Cora said.

"We called the police just to be on the safe side," Buster said.

"You done the right thing," the cop said. He turned to me.

"O.K., Mac," he said. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"This is my house. That's my wife, right there. There's her brother, Buster Cox. I'm in business with Buster in the city. Cox and Graham, the Cogram System—Public Accountants. That's Buster's wife, Ethelene. And this joker over there who looks like me, I don't know who the hell he is, but I'll find out."

Cora shrugged uncomfortably. "I don't think he's *right.*"

"Cora," I yelled, "for God's sake!"

The cop squeezed my arm. "Pipe down, you." And to the others: "You could fool me, but I guess *you* know."

"Well, *I* certainly ought to know," Cora said. "If you really look at them, officer, you'll see a world of difference."

A CREEPY chill seemed to freeze in my stomach. Maybe I'd been slow on the uptake, but a thing like that numbs you for a while. *Well, I certainly ought to know,* Cora had said. *If you really look at them, officer, you'll see a world of difference.* She knew who I was and she knew who the man with my face was. She knew; Buster knew; Ethelene knew. They were against me.

"Well, I guess you can see it better than me, lady," the cop said.

"Hell, *I* ought to know Chick Graham!" Buster declared in that frank and open manner of his. "I went through a war with Chick!"

"Want to make a charge, or what?" the cop asked.

"I don't want to get the poor devil in a jam," the man with my face said. "I think he ought to be under a doctor's care. Just so he doesn't bother us is all I care about."

"I'll tell you," the cop said. "We'll hold him en route to L. A. and look into things."

"I think that's a good idea," Buster agreed. "He might just be a nut, and again he might be dangerous."

"I can prove who I am," I said. As I fumbled under my coat with my left hand the cop grabbed my wrist. He patted my pockets, then let me take the billfold out. I put the billfold on the table, opened it, and took out the things that proved who I was—driver's license, business card, Air Reserve Association card, and my old army AGO card, the best identification ever devised, which is why I still carried it. It had my picture, signature, and prints of my index fingers, sealed in plastic.

"So that's where it is," the man with my face said. "I lost my billfold today in the city."

"Oh, you did," I said sweetly. "And I guess you lost your fingerprints and signature, too?"

The man with my face began picking up the billfold. I grabbed his wrist. The dog growled, and the man spoke to it.

"Take it easy, here," the cop said. "You folks won't mind if we make sure of this. I know it's all O.K., but this guy talks like he means it."

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MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

The cop got out a pencil and a notebook, opened the notebook on the table to a blank page and covered the cards bearing my signature with a big red hand. "Write your name," he said to me.

I tried to grasp the pencil and my fingers wouldn't close. It felt like rusty wires pulling inside my wrist. I pulled back my sleeve to show the blue teeth marks. "They put the dog on me. I can't close my hand."

"He can't close his hand," Buster said.

"Well, maybe he can't," the cop said, turning to the man with the face. "Here, you write *your* name. One's as good as the other."

The man with my face wrote my signature on the notebook, not carefully but with the easy swing of long practice. The cop compared the signature with the cards. "I just wanted to make sure," he said apologetically, and took my arm. "You better come with me."

"Wait a minute!" my voice was high. "It looks like my signature, but it's a forgery! He could have practiced it! It's been done before! But one thing he can't copy is the fingerprints on those cards!"

The cop swung me around toward the door. "Never mind the fingerprints, Mac. You come along with me and don't get gay."

"Maybe it would help, officer," the man with my face said. "It may help if we convince him. . . . Cora, we've got a stamp pad, haven't we?"

The cop shrugged. "I got my rounds to make Mr. Graham."

"It'll only take a minute, officer. . . . Found it, Cora? There's the stamp pad, officer. I think the poor devil's got a fixation. Sometimes if you destroy one part of it, the whole thing collapses."

The cop turned me back to the table. "Well, if it will help him."

HE examined the driver's license and the AGO card, then he rolled the right thumb and two index fingers of the man with my face on the stamp pad and transferred the prints to the notebook.

"I don't need a glass to tell these are the same," the cop said.

"Like hell!" I yelled.

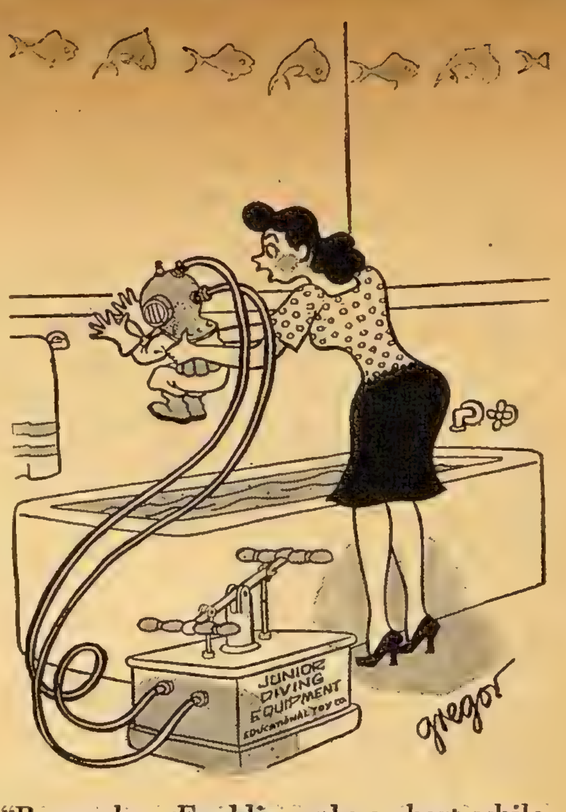
He shoved his red face forward. "Yes, like hell. I've had some training in this work."

"Then take my prints and sign up for another mail-order course."

"O.K., wise guy." He put my prints on the notebook. "Now, if you're not blind, take a look for yourself."

I'm no fingerprint expert, but I could see the difference at a glance. The prints on my identification card had a pattern like a bull's-eye target. The prints from my fingers were characterized by loops like a series of mountain peaks.

The man with my face took my billfold from the table, put the cards into it and tucked it into his pocket. If he was I, then who, in the name of God, *was* I?



"Remember, Freddie, only a short while. Mama has cooking to do!"
LIBERTY

AS I rode beside the cop along Woodside Road I kept flexing my fingers on the right hand. The cop shook his head slowly. "Now, you ought to know better than to pull a deal like that. Maybe you got the idea if he was away and his wife was there— Say, she's a dish. But when *he* was there—you ought to knowed better." He shrugged. "I guess you need a doctor, all right."

I didn't know what was happening to me, but all too obviously it wasn't pretty. It wasn't an accident. The three people I was closest to in the world, Cora and Buster and Ethelene, were ganging up on me. Everything had been planned. The fake identification cards had been planted. There was no shadow of a doubt any more. I was, right now, exactly where they wanted me to be, riding to the police station. Everything had been set when I'd stepped off the train.

I remembered the guy in the leather zipper jacket. The tall guy with the dog. He'd been watching me while I waited for Cora. He was part of it. I'd seen him somewhere. Who was he?

What it was I didn't know. But I certainly didn't intend to be sitting in the county jail figuring it out. That was part of *their* plan.

I burst out laughing. The cop's red face turned briefly. "O.K., pipe down."

"You know," I chuckled, "I had Graham guessing, at that! Remember when I pulled out his billfold? Notice his face? For a minute I'll bet he was worried about proving *who* the hell he was!"

"You'll have time to laugh."

"Well, O.K., officer, maybe I went too far. But it was too good to pass up."

"Too good? I don't get it."

"I found the billfold on the S. P. tonight. The nine-forty-five. Right there between the seats. Eighty-three bucks in it."

"Yeah? You're supposed to turn in what you find."

"I did better than that. I took it back to the guy."

"You what?"

"What do you think I was doing out there?"

"They said you got gay. People don't call a cop for nothing."

"How do you think *I* feel?" I said hotly. "Him putting his damned dog on me when all I was doing was taking back his billfold! All right, I had a little joke. When I looked through the billfold there was this army AGO card. The picture on it, you'd think it was me. There was an address here in Redwood City, so I figured, hell, I'll just trot out and give the guy his eighty-three bucks and take a look at him. I was curious to see if he really *was* such a ringer. Funny we never ran into each other before."

"By the way," the cop said, "just who the hell are *you?"*

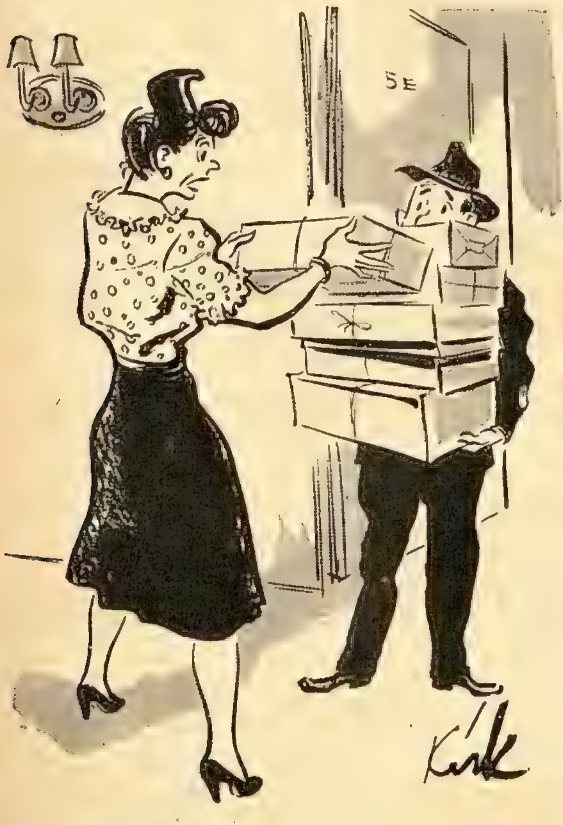
I got a card from my vest pocket. A salesman had given it to me. It identified James Pease, Peninsula representative for Efficiency Business Machines, Inc. "You've seen me around town."

He took the card. "Yeah; both of you, I guess, thinking it was the same guy. Jefferson Street, huh?"

"Look at it my way," I said. "I was big-hearted. I was taking the guy's billford back when all I had to do was put it in my pocket. I spent a buck and a half on a taxi. And he set the dog on me."

"Well, you got gay, Mac."

"Maybe you'd have done the same. When I got to the house I saw the two girls and this round-faced guy they called Buster. I didn't even know Graham was home. So I figured, well, if I looked so much like him, why not pull a little rib?"



"Good grief! You're not my husband!"
LIBERTY

"That kind of rib gets you in trouble, Mac."

"O.K., but it was all in fun. I didn't have to spend a buck and a half of my own dough taking that billfold back, did I? I wish I hadn't now, that bastard!"

"Well, look at it from his angle," the cop said.

"He was the one who got tough. I walked in, and the two girls and Buster did sort of a double-take. You see, Graham had left the room, and me walking in the front like that, they thought they were seeing things. So I was kidding them along and Graham walks in from the hall and starts getting tough. Him getting tough when I was bringing back his billfold! Well, I get tough right back. But he had no business putting the dog on me."

"No," the cop admitted. "He shouldn't of put the dog on you."

"And then calling the police," I said. "That did burn me. Hell, *I* was going to get the cops! . . . Say, were you in the army?" I knew he was, the way he called me Mac.

"M.P.s," he said.

"Air Force," I said.

NOTHING like a pair of veterans when they start fighting the war over again. He figured he knew me. He drove through Five Points and along El Camino, and we were still fighting the war.

"Say, I'm here on Jefferson, right ahead," I said, trying to be casual. "Why don't you drop over some afternoon and we'll crack a bottle and really fight the war?"

I'd undermined him with that war talk. "Well, I really ought to take you in, Pease," he said.

"What's the charge? You going to pinch me for taking his billford back? Look. I got the pork chops for supper. Stop off at home long enough for me to give them to my wife. The kids are hungry."

"Your kids haven't et yet? That's a hell of a note."

"Don't rub it in," I said. "And listen. Don't tell my wife, will you?"

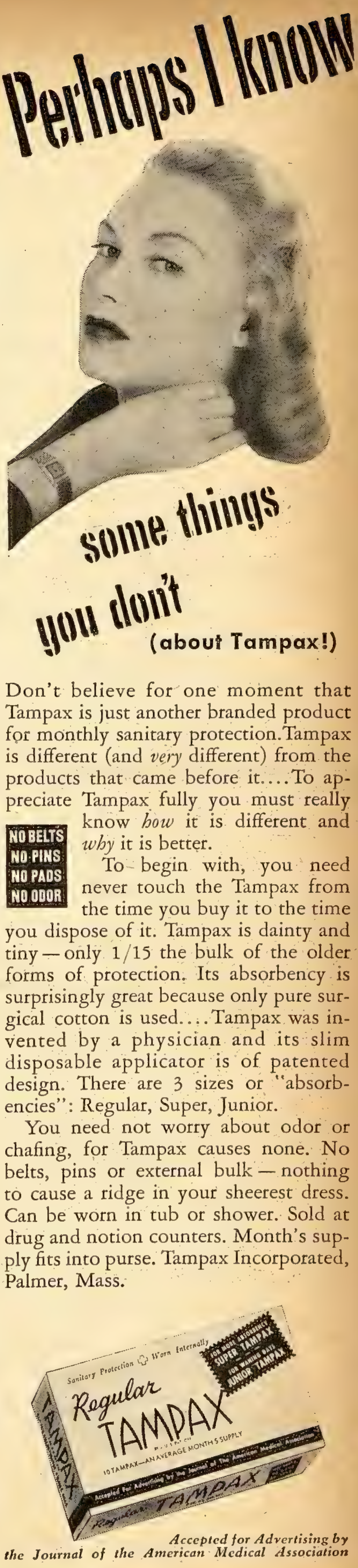
"Well, there's really no charge," the cop admitted. "I was only taking you in for investigation."

"I guess I was a damned fool," I admitted humbly.

Luckily, the address on Jefferson was a new house with an illuminated number easy to spot from the car. "This is the place, here on the left."

He pulled to the curb, and he told me to stick around tonight in case he wanted to ask me anything more. He was a good cop. He stayed at the curb, watching. A light showed at the front window. I turned at the door. The cop was still waiting. I tried the knob. The door was unlocked. I walked in, waved again at the cop, and shut the door. I heard the police car shift through the gears going away.

I WAS in a living room with beamed ceiling. A man was sitting in an easy chair, looking at me



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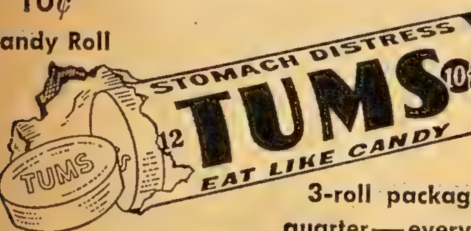

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over the top of a newspaper. "Oh, hello," he said.

I looked around, my mouth dropping open. "What the hell? Say, this isn't my house! I just moved into a new place. Is this the six hundred block?"

"That's on the other side of the tracks," he said.

I grinned. "Say, aren't you Jim Pease?"

"That's right."

"Chick Graham—Cox and Graham. You were trying to sell me a posting machine the other day."

"Oh, yeah. Hi, you just walking in that way—for a minute— Say, can't find your own house."

"I get turned around in this town."

"Who don't? These G.I. jobs look alike. Your car gone?"

"I caught a ride from the station."

"I'll give you a lift. You're down on the other side of town."

"Maybe I'd better walk. I had a couple drinks and I want to be all right when I walk in. The wife is going to be sore anyhow. I'm late."

"Suit yourself. I still think we got a better machine than what you're using."

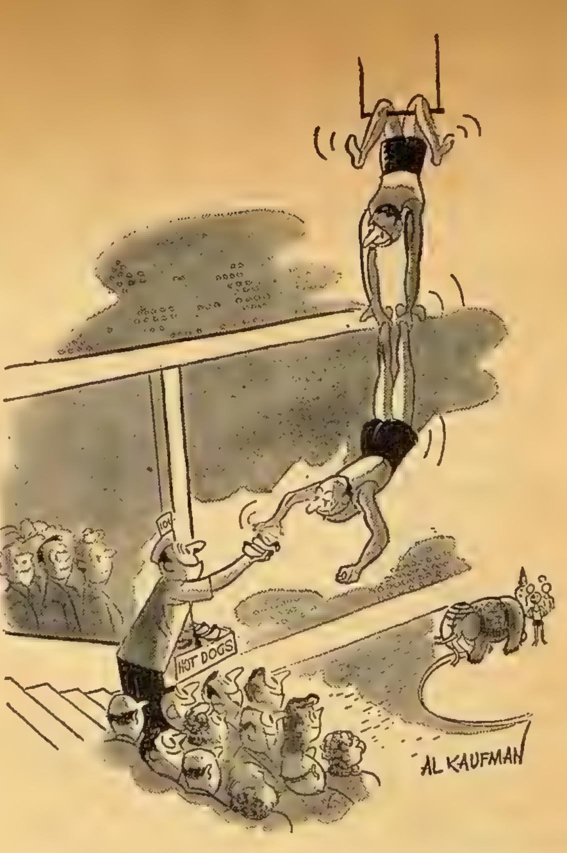
"I'm sold on it, but Buster isn't. Work on him. I'll be seeing you."

I went out and walked away, fast. Before that cop began wondering why, if I'd taken a taxi three miles out of town to deliver a billfold, I hadn't asked it to wait.

I WALKED into town and stopped at Ed's Diner on El Camino Real for a cup of coffee and some thinking. There was a bunch of high-school kids in the place and the radio was howling. I was on the second cup of coffee and fourth cigarette, my mind chasing its tail around in a circle, when the music cut off and an announcer said, "We interrupt this broadcast to give you a special news flash. Albert Rand, the bank messenger who murdered a bank guard and disappeared with two million dollars in government bonds this morning in Los Angeles, is known to be in Redwood City. Residents of the Peninsula are cautioned to be on the alert and to report any suspicious characters. This man is a desperate criminal, and he will stop at nothing.

"Rand was apprehended less than an hour ago in a brazen attempt to impersonate Charles Graham, San Francisco business man who lives near Redwood City, in Graham's own home. Arrested by the police on Graham's complaint, Rand escaped by impersonating James Pease, Peninsula representative of a business machine company.

"State police are co-operating with local law-enforcement officers, the sheriff of San Mateo County, and the F. B. I. in a dragnet to capture this man. Cars are being stopped on all highways, transportation terminals watched, and a cordon of police is combing the vicinity.



LIBERTY

"As announced previously over this station, there is a reward of ten thousand dollars offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of Albert Rand. He is twenty-seven years old, five feet nine inches tall, though slender and appearing taller. Medium complexion. Gray eyes. Sandy brown hair. Rather prominent ears. . . ."

THE counterman had an elbow on the bar, watching me.

". . . Dresses neatly. Is wearing a brown snap-brim hat, gray tweed topcoat, medium-brown worsted suit, brown oxfords with tan army socks, white shirt, tie with crimson and brown diagonal stripes. . . ."

The counterman put his other elbow on the bar, watching me.

". . . He is pleasant and presentable, talks easily, and is a very smooth character without appearing to be so. Any man answering this description should be reported immediately to the police or to this station. You are cautioned not to accept any identification whatsoever from a man answering this description. Albert Rand is obviously equipped with forged credentials under several aliases. . . ."

The counterman seemed to be looking at my ears.

". . . This man is a killer. Stay on the alert. Your phone call may be worth ten thousand dollars to you. Take no chances. Keep tuned to this station for further developments."

"Say," the counterman said, "that almost fits you."

"Right down to the necktie," I said. "You've got me, Mac. I'm Albert Rand. I'm a killer and a smooth article. But I can prove I'm four other guys."

He grinned. "I'm Joe Stalin."

"Call the cops. It's worth ten thousand bucks."

"Yeah. I've seen you around town. All I'll get out of you is ten cents."

"Twenty. Two cups of coffee."

"Ten. I'm the sucker who sells the five-cent cup of coffee."

I grinned and gave him a dime. He pretended to bite it to see if it was lead. He rang it up and I went out.

I walked out and stopped dead, staring at a policeman.

My mind hadn't been on policemen; I was taken by surprise. It takes a little while, it takes an hour or so, to get used to being a fugitive.

I felt, right then, a little sick. For the first time I knew why Cora had married me. I'd wondered what a guy like me held for her. What a girl with her looks saw in me. And now I knew. She'd seen a million dollars.

And I wondered how different things might have been if I'd married Mary. Funny, a time like that, thinking of Mary. The girl I should have married.

I wasn't used to dodging. I walked out of the diner and there was a cop getting out of a car at the curb. I stopped and gawped at him. He looked at me.

An hour ago I couldn't have done it. Now I glared at the cop. I said, "Hey, cop, come here!"

A cop doesn't like to be called a cop. He likes to be called officer. This cop scowled at me.

"I said come here, cop! Snap into it!"

"Wait a minute, Bud," he growled. "Just who do you think—"

"Don't just stand there, cop! You've got a job on your hands." I jerked my thumb over my shoulder. "That joker in there just charged me a dime for a cup of coffee. I've been gypped!"

"Look, Bud, I got plenty on my mind without—"

"And *you* look, cop! I'm a citizen and a taxpayer. I'm making a complaint, that's what! Coffee's a nickel. So I get a cup of coffee and had him warm it up a couple of times, and he charged me a dime!"

"Well, if you had it warmed up a couple of times that makes two cups of coffee. Go on, Bud, go on, beat it."

"Aren't you going to do anything about it? I'm a citizen and a tax—"

"I said move along. Or do you want to make something out of it?"

I MOVED along, mumbling. The cop went into Ed's Diner, where he'd probably been heading in the first place for a five-cent cup of coffee. As the door closed on him I moved along fast.

On the corner of Broadway and El Camino, a half block from the diner, a car pulled in and a man hopped out and crossed toward a drugstore. He was wearing a T shirt and moccasins, obviously a guy who'd popped down to the drugstore for a minute and was going to pop right back; he'd left his car lights on and the radio running and the motor turning over.

Desperate as I was, I felt a curious surprise that I was doing this thing as I stepped before him and with

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Alden Hatch gives you the facts about HAROLD STASSEN in another of his articles on Presidential possibilities IN MARCH LIBERTY

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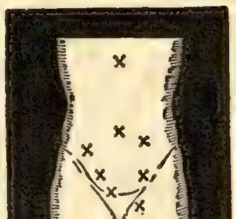

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my hand in my topcoat pocket shoved my finger into his middle.

"Oops! I'm sorry—" He began moving aside.

I followed him aside, ramming the finger harder. "I'm Albert Rand. You know what that means?"

His eyes went round and his mouth sagged a little. He knew what that meant.

"I'm taking your car for a getaway. One squawk out of you and you're a dead pigeon."

He tried to say something and it didn't come out.

I slipped into the car and gunned away. I was shifting into second when the guy found his voice. He had a voice like a grand-opera singer.

The cop was just breaking out the door of Ed's Diner, breaking out fast with a quick look both ways along the street, when his voice opened up. The cop hit the pavement at a run toward the yelling guy in T shirt and moccasins.

I left the car in second. The stop light on the corner was red, three lanes of cars piled up waiting, and a car parked at the curb. An hour ago that would have stopped me. Now I gunned the car and broke to the left across the middle line onto the other side of the highway, and then bore to the right, tires shrieking, across the front of the three rows of headlights waiting for the light to change.

After a short half block I made another squealing right turn into the alley opposite the Greyhound station and slid to a stop where the alley opened into a parking area. I cut the ignition, lights, and radio, and on foot crossed through the block to Broadway.

To my right at the corner of Broadway and El Camino the guy with the T shirt was still yelling. Now he had two policemen to yell to. A siren began to wail.

I crossed the street and went to the corner, hurrying along with other citizens eager to see what it was all about. I joined the group at the corner who were watching the yelling guy across the street.

Traffic crowded for the curb and stopped. Sirens howled down Broadway and El Camino, police cars with red spotlights blinking.

"What's up?" somebody asked me.

"Albert Rand just made his getaway in a car. The guy who pulled that big bank job in L. A."

"He won't last long."

"You might be right."

I crossed the street toward the Sequoia High School. The guy with the T shirt was still in full voice. I couldn't have picked a better man to establish the fact that Albert Rand was making his getaway in a car.

And I was on foot. I had whatever time it would take the police to find the car parked fifty yards away from the guy with the T shirt. And then what?

To be continued in the next issue.

THE SLING AND THE ARROW

Continued from Page 57

leaned back on her hands, staring up, "Herbert, I want us to have a child."

He looked away from her, the cords in his neck bulging. "You know I don't want kids."

This was the first time he had said that. Before, he had always delayed. More money was needed, or the business was pressing. . . .

"It's my right," she said positively.

She saw him swallowing as if his throat had swollen up. "Lonna, I'll tell you the truth. I'm ashamed of it, but . . . I'm too selfish. I want you for myself. If there were a kid, everything would be you and it. I'd be outside."

"That's not true. We'd be closer. Three of us, sharing love."

"I'd lose you," he insisted. "I can't explain it, but it can't be."

"I'm going to have a child."

"I'll see that you don't."

She stared at him, catching the full stare of his bitter eyes. She said, "If not with you, then I'll have a child with someone else. You can't stop that."

Although she had spoken without thought, the words seemed formed long ago.

She stood up and went towards their beach. He followed her slowly into the water.

She pulled her goggles on. She swam out, the spear pointed ahead of her. Then suddenly she dove. Below her, in the obscure depth, something moved like a shadow. A fish: A stinger ray. With the agility of a porpoise she threw herself into a dive. Slowly she arched under it and then with a fierce kick she shot upward. Her spear aimed, her finger against the release would thrust the point out killingly. The fish was above her. Her finger tightened and she felt the spear jerk. The impaled fish twisted and spun around on the point. Her feet kept kicking, bringing her higher.

Her spear broke the water. Then her head came free. With one hand, she held the spear and its dying victim aloft for her husband to see. She could not shout to him, for her strength was spent. Stinger rays were dangerous, and she was glad that she had destroyed it.

Herbert, with his spear like a plow-point cutting the water's surface, was coming slowly, steadfastly toward her. He had made no response to her, no sign that he had seen the ray. She lay resting on a swell. Her breath was returning. She waited until he was closer, his spear point not far from her, when again she threw herself up and then down.

Then she saw Herbert, dark and

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swift, his spear extended. Then suddenly she kicked violently, throwing herself aside. He was after her, the spear extended toward her body. She felt her scream vibrate through her head. Again she threw herself aside. The spear point passed her eyes. The shaft grazed her leg as he passed by, plunging downward. He had missed her.

She broke out of the water, gasping. Drinking in air, she struck for shore. His head came out of the water close to hers. "Lonna, Lonna!" She swam harder, newly terrified. "Lonna, wait!" He was coming after her, his voice a shriek. "I thought it was a shark. I swear I didn't see you, Lonna!"

THE next day Lonna made an appointment with a psychiatrist of a first-class reputation, and recited the events of the afternoon before.

"He may have tried to kill you," Dr. Kahn said slowly when she had finished, "and he may also believe that he saw a shark."

Lonna rose. "If he could get to know you . . . would you consider coming to our house sometime, with other friends?"

He agreed, and it was arranged. Talking to Lonna again later, the doctor said, "In his inner self, in the life below his consciousness, your husband feels and acts like a woman. There he is the wife. You, Mrs. Dawes, are to him the husband. The one thing that would destroy your symbolic function would be your pregnancy. You would change to a woman."

"My husband," Lonna said, "is so normal in every way. How could such a unique sickness come to him?"

"Unique? It is not, my dear, I assure you. But Mr. Dawes must be treated. Before it is too late. Can you find some way to bring him to me? It is up to you now."

She said, low, "I don't see how I can make Herbert do this. He always makes the decisions for both of us."

She could believe only that which she could feel to be true. If she accepted the evidence of her own senses, and her common sense, then she must believe that Herbert was a perfect husband, except that he did not want fatherhood. There could be no secret life in him, in which he lived out a feminine role. "I would have seen something. I would have known," she murmured.

With each passing week idleness became a heavier burden than Lonna could carry. Herbert now was separate, secret, in some world of his own. Only the sea could free her of loneliness.

As she swam, one still, hot day, a man's head and brown arms came towards her. He spoke. She knew him then—Mike, a young Coast Guardsman, the brother of a neighbor. They swam awhile, then side by side they waded onto the sand and lay down in the sun and talked.

She said, "How come you don't

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have your girl with you today?" She had once given them a lift in her car.

"My girl. That always sounds funny to me."

"But she is, isn't she?"

"You make me laugh."

She liked his voice, and the clean, sharp length of him. She told herself that she had a right to take a pleasure in his nearness. Herbert didn't care what she did, any more. He had left the house, although it was Sunday, so he would not have to be with her. Suddenly Mike had put out his hand, taken her arm above the elbow, encircling it with his fingers. There was a cool sureness in his touch. She was glad. After years of aloneness, she felt re-established as a person.

"Will you just meet me tonight?" he said finally.

"Yes, if you'll go now."

"I'll be on the beach about eight. I'll wait, Lonna."

It was earlier than usual when Herbert came home.

"I thought you'd be out late," she said.

"I'm feeling down. Something's wrong." He met her gaze and did not look away. "I don't know what happens to me lately. My feelings go sky high, and then collapse."

"All feeling you had for me has collapsed, hasn't it?"

"There's no use lying."

"Herbert, if I should have an affair, would it matter to you?"

"Find someone if you want to." He spoke dully.

"It won't hurt you?"

"If you want the truth, I don't care if you have a dozen affairs."

"How can I ever have thought you loved me!"

"I did love you, and I feel that I could again. But now I don't feel or think clearly about anything. One day I felt so worried and upset that I went to see Dr. Kahn."

She looked sharply at him. "What did he say?"

"I don't remember what he said." He held out his hands with a motion of supplication. "What I can't understand is that I don't care if you take a lover. It would make my conscience feel easier. Sometimes I want you to have a lover, so your life will be fuller. I know that I haven't filled it enough."

"If we had a child—"

"No!"

"Then I can't promise anything, Herbert."

THE weeks wore on. Everything passed from his mind quickly, and seldom came back to disturb him. Each moment was new-born, and seemed not tied to other events. Sometimes he had a sense of well-being. If only it might not be destroyed at the next sling of fortune. . . .

One evening, as he sat in the car beside Lonna, passion began to grow into a warming, strengthening fire. He said nothing of what he felt. Words had become dangerous, lately. Both of them had grown used to long periods of silence. He went quickly upstairs, leaving her to lock the door and turn out the lower lights.

When she was in her bed he went over to it.

"We're going to be happy." He smiled into the darkness.

"But first there are some things. . . . Herbert, once long ago you said that you would be glad to adopt a child."

"Oh, yes. Of course, darling."

"It wouldn't matter to you if I had a child and you weren't the father. . . ."

"I don't know what you are talking about." Suddenly he felt ill. Something was happening to him.

"I want a child of my own. And I didn't believe you ever intended to let me have one, so . . . We'll be husband and wife again, if you'll tell me that you'll love my child, and raise it as your own."

"I'm going back to my bed," he said sharply. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"I am telling you that I am pregnant. Of course it's not you. Mike . . . I was determined to have a child. You wouldn't. . . ."

He lay stiff, his arms tensed at his sides, his fists clenched. She was telling him more, but he did not want to listen. He had his own thinking to do. . . .

AND then he was in a small room. There was a small table and chair, but he was not allowed to sit. There were many men, mostly in uniform. They shouted at him, taking turns at shouting in his face. He tried to answer all that they were saying. But they wouldn't believe that he could not remember.

"Tell me this woman's name. Maybe I can give you some information . . . if you'll stop yelling at me!" he screamed.

The room became suddenly silent.

"Her name was Lonna. Lonna Dawes."

"Lonna . . . But Lonna is my husband. We've been married five years." He looked around. "What happened to my husband?"

Someone said, "It's not an alibi. He's nuts."

Herbert cried out, "Is Lonna dead?" He burst out sobbing. "Lonna. Oh, my darling! My love . . ."

They were holding him up, leading him away as grief shook through him.

A PRISON guard awakened Herbert, and led him down the corridor. He did not know what day or hour it was. He felt of his face, to learn how much beard had grown. It was coarse, long. A three-days' growth. But time meant nothing any more. It might have been a year, or ten minutes, since Lonna had shrieked, "Help, Mike!"

His fingers touched his upper lip. What had happened to his mustache? He had always been rather vain about it. . . .

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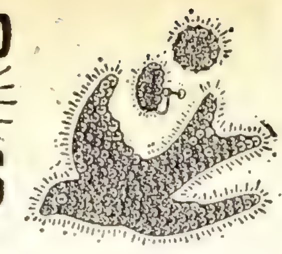

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Then a thought struck sharply: these might be his last steps.

The guard might be leading him to the gas chamber. Maybe he had had his trial. He had forgotten so much, he might have forgotten that. He didn't want to die. . . . He stopped.

The guard caught his arm. "Your lawyer is waiting."

In the room they entered two men waited, a friend and a stranger. The stranger remained seated while Dr. Kahn stood up. Dr. Kahn put out his hand, smiling tenderly. Tears filmed over Herbert's eyes. He wasn't alone. The psychiatrist would help.

Kahn put out his hand, and Herbert took it. He said, unable to keep the trembling out of his voice, "You know I loved her. I wouldn't have hurt Lonna. I didn't mean to."

"I know, Herbert. I'm going to help."

"It was wrong of me . . . but I didn't know . . . I don't want to die."

"We are going to do our best. I'm pretty sure we won't fail. Sit down, now." He looked at the other man. "This is your lawyer. I took it on myself to hire him."

Herbert sat down across from him and said, "You are the criminal lawyer who has won so many cases. I am ashamed I should need you."

"That's not hard to understand." There was a slight, humorous smile on the lawyer's mouth.

"I'd like to find out what happened," Herbert went on. "All I remember is that I drove to my dress shop that night. . . . Everything is blank after that."

The lawyer said, "You put on a woman's suit, shaved your mustache. Tried to get away. A couple of cops picked you up for speeding. You were already wanted. . . ." He paused. "But you remember what happened before?"

"Yes. Everything."

"Very unfortunate. Well, let's start . . . but I'll tell you first that I won't be too inquisitive. You've got to tell me something that will hold up. It's got to be good."

"I don't want to die."

"That's it. That's why it's got to be good."

HERBERT paused a long minute, frightened at the lawyer's grim face. Death was close.

"I worked hard for my wife's happiness. Money, clothes, leisure—every whim of hers became a necessity for me. She was cold to me. She picked up a sailor. She even told me in advance that she was going to do it. She slipped out nights. I pleaded with her. She'd put on a very inviting dress, and go to meet him. They even made love on the beach near my house, where I could see them. I forgave her because I loved her.

"But the other night, when I wanted to love her, she laughed at me, and told me she was pregnant by the sailor. I pleaded with her to forget him, and I'd raise the child if only she would stay. But she told me

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she wanted to be rid of me. Later I felt something choking me. I woke up and found her in my bed, and the sheet was wound around my head. I went crazy with anger. I don't know what all happened. I fought back and I fought hard. That's all."

The lawyer nodded, as in approval. But the psychiatrist said, "That's not true, Herbert."

Herbert turned to him and cried out, "No, it's not true. But I'm frightened. I don't want to hurt her name. I . . . I know I wouldn't have stuck to that story in a courtroom. If anyone else said those things about Lonna, I'd deny them. . . ."

The lawyer glared at Dr. Kahn. "Listen, Doctor. Do you want me to save this guy's neck, or not?"

Kahn sat thinking and the lawyer went on: "With any breaks at all, and with a jury of only half morons, his story would hold. I'd work the 'unwritten law' gag—the husband's right to defend his home—and I wouldn't even need that self-defense line, though it would help. What kind of character is this sailor?"

Herbert said swiftly, "Mike is a fine man . . ."

The lawyer broke in. "If we could get him to admit his misconduct."

"But that story was a lie," Herbert said. "It wasn't like that."

"If you want to die, I'll leave you my penknife," the lawyer said. "I've beaten raps like this before. You'll be free in a month."

AT last Kahn spoke. "But Herbert Dawes mustn't go free. He is dangerous. He is not guilty because of insanity. He must be sentenced and sent away. In time he can be cured. Then he can return to society. He had homicidal drives against both his wife and his mother. That drive can turn against anyone."

The lawyer said, dubiously, "This guy insane? That's not necessary. He quarreled with his wife and she got killed. That's enough for any jury. It's no feather in my cap to send a client to the nut house."

The doctor, "Unfortunately, Herbert has returned to a high degree of rationality. He looks less driven than I have ever seen him since he came to me for help. But don't let that deceive you."

"The way he is now," said the lawyer, "we couldn't convince anyone that he's abnormal. What has me worried is that woman's suit he was wearing. I talked to the woman in his shop and she told me that he designed it for a customer for whom it wasn't at all suitable and made it oversized, so the customer refused to take it. Why? That looked like premeditation. It fit him, and he is a big man. There it was, ready for him to escape in, dressed as a woman. That suit can hang him."

Kahn said, "But there was no premeditation. He is driven by sudden compulsions. His personality is split—male and female. Half of it wanted to wear woman's clothes. To satisfy that part of him, he made a garment large enough to fit him, so the customer wouldn't take it. It was one of the acts by which he kept his dual nature suppressed."

"Keep going, pop! He can't catch us or he wouldn't be drawing his gun!"
LIBERTY

"Why did he keep that suit?"

"To escape open homosexuality."

Herbert broke in: "Dr. Kahn, it's hard for me to argue with you now, because I need you. But I can't let you say this stupid thing about me."

"Juries don't like queers," the lawyer said.

"I'm not thinking about the jury," Herbert said. "I'm thinking about my father. He is dead, but we don't know how much the dead know about us. I would be dead myself, rather than have him believe such a thing about me. I swear I've never been . . . I've never done wrong. . . ."

"No," said Kahn quietly, "you would sooner commit murder. Murder was to you less evil."

Herbert said, feeling suddenly tired, "I killed Lonna because she told me she was pregnant by her lover. I flew into a rage. I suppose at that time I reasoned that it was the manly thing to do."

The lawyer broke in. "That's the angle! The two-timing wife . . ."

Herbert went on, ignoring the words: "Manliness meant much to me. I've always had to prove my manliness to myself. As a kid, I wasn't strong. I played with girls because they weren't rough. And then, in the garment business, there was nothing but women. I'd find myself thinking like a woman. So I had to go around proving that I was a male. It had nothing to do with any perversion at all."

Herbert could not keep his excitement down. He stood up. "Listen, you two. There's nothing insane about me at all. I've been nervous. But I swear I've never gone off my bat. I blanked out after Lonna died. But that's not being crazy. Something was always gnawing at me, but it was only the cowardly part of my nature. I've fought all along to be a full man. *And I've won!*

"I'm not going to hide behind Lonna's skirts. I'm not going to blacken her name. I'm free of those feelings, and I can prove it now, to myself and to my father . . . that I've really won out. I am going to confess!"

MANY people came. There were men with cameras. The lawyer growled, "It won't stick. The guy's nuts."

Herbert sat down before the pen and paper that had been placed on the table. He wrote quickly, "I killed my wife, Lonna Dawes, by pressing a pillow over her face. I had long planned to do this. Earlier, I failed in an attempt to stab her with a fishing spear. After the murder, I planned to escape dressed as a woman. If caught, my intention was to smear her good name, and to plead temporary insanity. Her name must remain unblemished. I am not insane. I am confessing without duress. I am confessing because to escape from the consequence of my crime would be unmanly. And I am a full man."

He signed his name.

"Could I be alone with Dr. Kahn?"

The assistant district attorney signalled to the men to withdraw.

Kahn said, "Herbert, through your whole life you have been caught in two opposing drives. I could go before a jury and explain. You would be, in their eyes, someone who needed to be treated like a patient, not as a prisoner."

"No. I am as sane as anyone."

"At this moment. The inner pressures have been released. But they will build up again."

Herbert stood up. "I am not frightened about dying any more. Maybe I could beat this. But I don't want to cheat justice. I've been cowardly and selfish long enough. For some cheap feeling of pride, I killed Lonna. She didn't want to hurt me. She had a right to a child. She wanted it so badly. . . ." He took Kahn's hand between his hands. "I am happy. I can face my father now. If I had been able to think more clearly, I imagine I would have turned out all right. I might have been someone like you. I would have liked to be like you."

He put his arms around Kahn, and for a moment held him close. Smiling and reassured, he stepped back.

"I am glad you did that, Herbert. You are a full and genuine man."

Herbert started toward the door. "Good-bye, Doctor."

"Good-bye, son," Kahn said.

THE END

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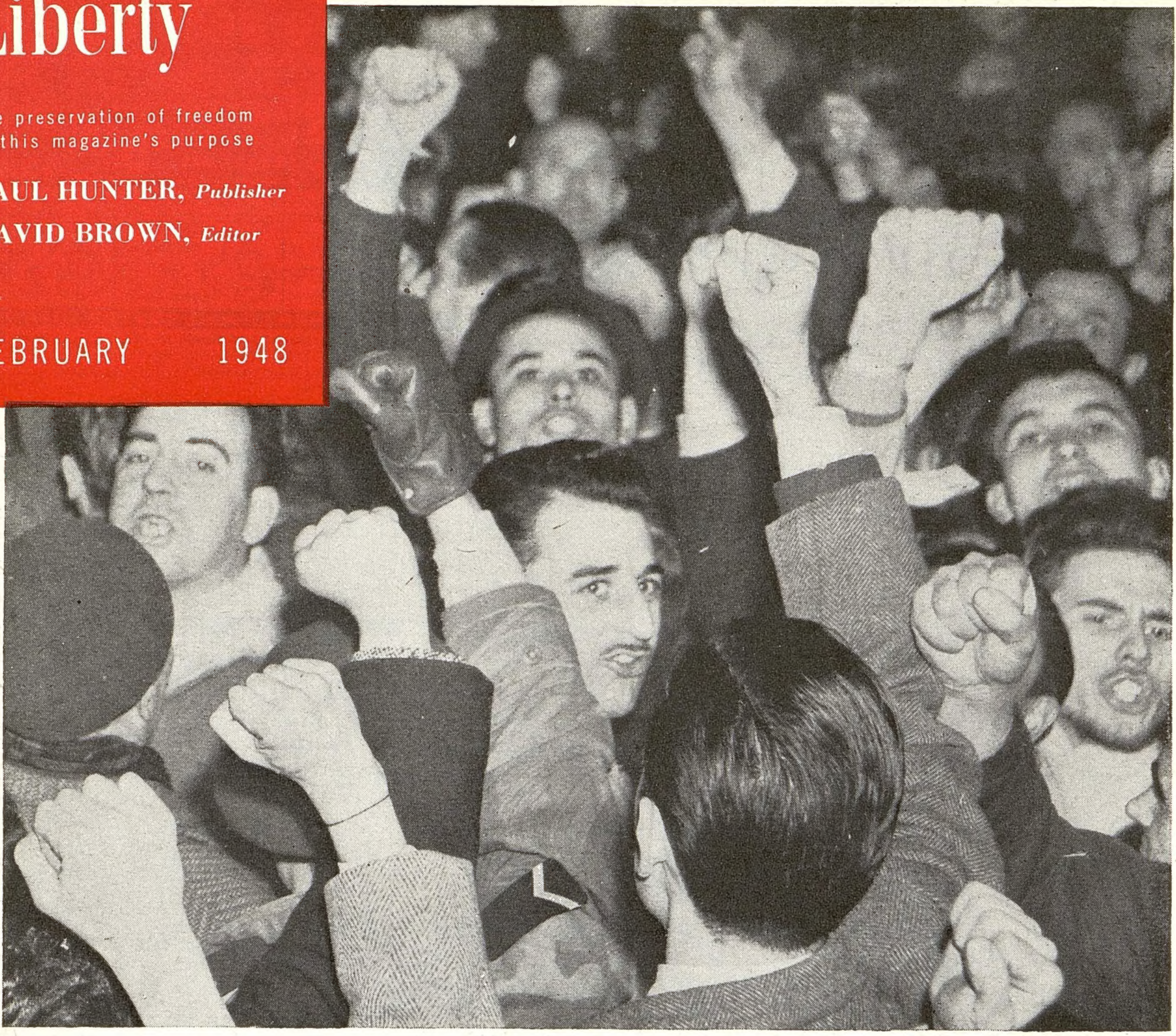
DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

FEBRUARY 1948



THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

RECENT investigations of Communist infiltration in the movie industry and elsewhere have once more demonstrated the need for outlawing the Communist Party. Employers and union leaders are at a disadvantage in their fight against Reds as long as this party has legal status. The Supreme Court decision upholding the legality of the Communist Party reveals a ludicrous naïveté and ignorance of the real aims of the Communist Party.

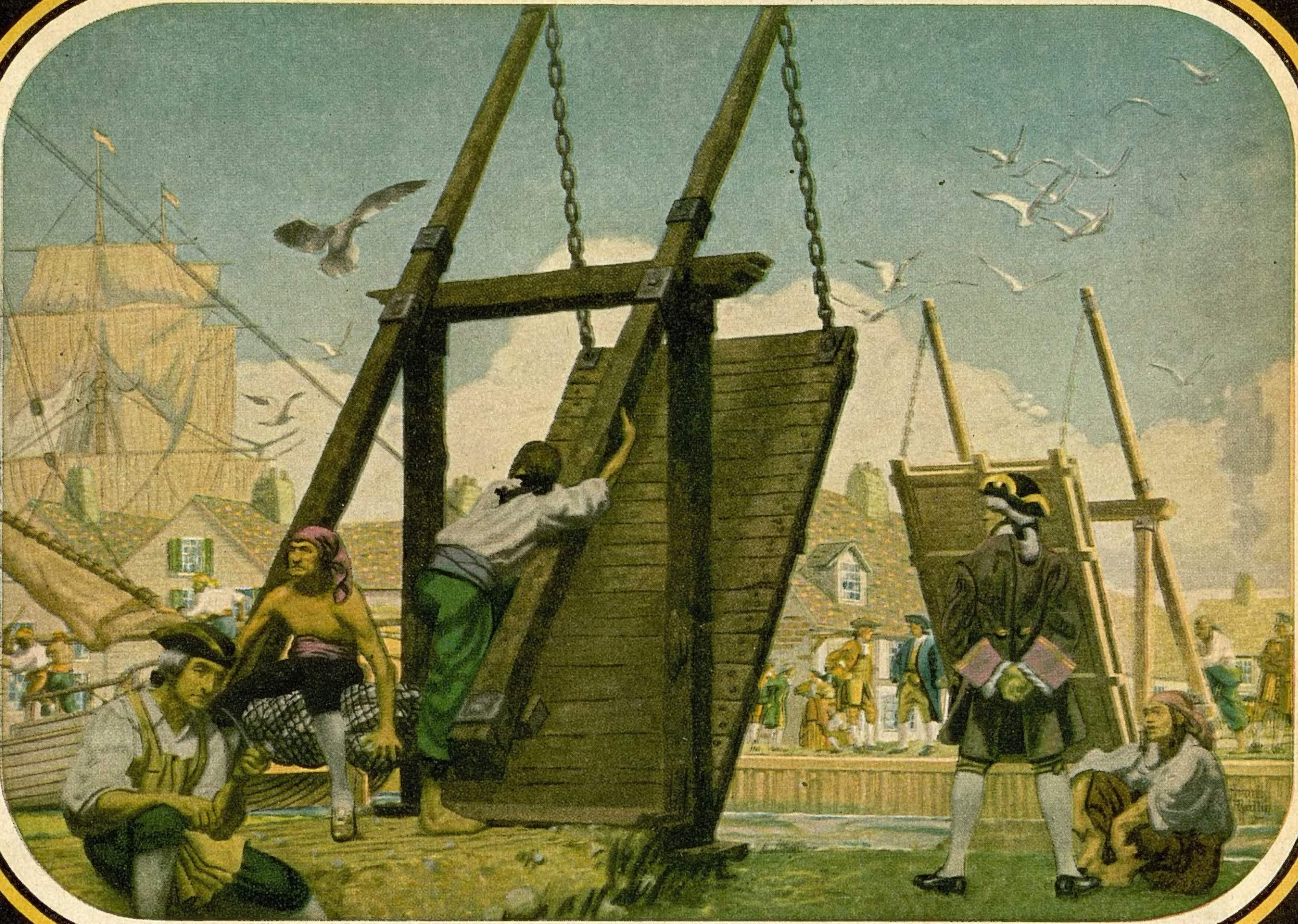
Every student of government and politics knows that if Communists were to gain power through legal means or otherwise, all other parties and opposition groups would be as ruthlessly suppressed here as they are in the Soviet Union. The Communists brook no opposition, tolerate no freedom of the press, speech, or any of the other civil liberties about which they are constantly screaming.

It deprives Americans of no part of their own civil liberties to outlaw the Communist Party. We do not permit a monarchist, nihilist, or fascist party on our ballots. To withdraw legal protection from the Communist Party would put our democracy in no greater peril than it was as a result of banning the aforementioned parties. Obviously democracy must end somewhere short of self-destruction. Freedom is a sham if it gives freedom to enemies of freedom. Tolerance defeats itself when it tolerates the intolerant.

The good citizens of Hollywood and elsewhere must be given the firm backing of federal law if they are to succeed in ousting Communists. Otherwise they are inviting a legal nightmare of lawsuits and loud recriminations.

Outlaw the Communist Party. Make it a crime for any person to be a member of the Communist Party or actively to further its aims. This can be done without hysteria or injustice. We are generous and law-abiding people, and the inherent good sense and good nature of Americans will prevent any grave miscarriages of justice from occurring. We cannot condone Communism legally and condemn it at the same time. Congress or the appropriate federal courts must correct this anomaly. As someone has aptly remarked, "There is nothing wrong with capitalism that Communism can cure."

— PAUL HUNTER



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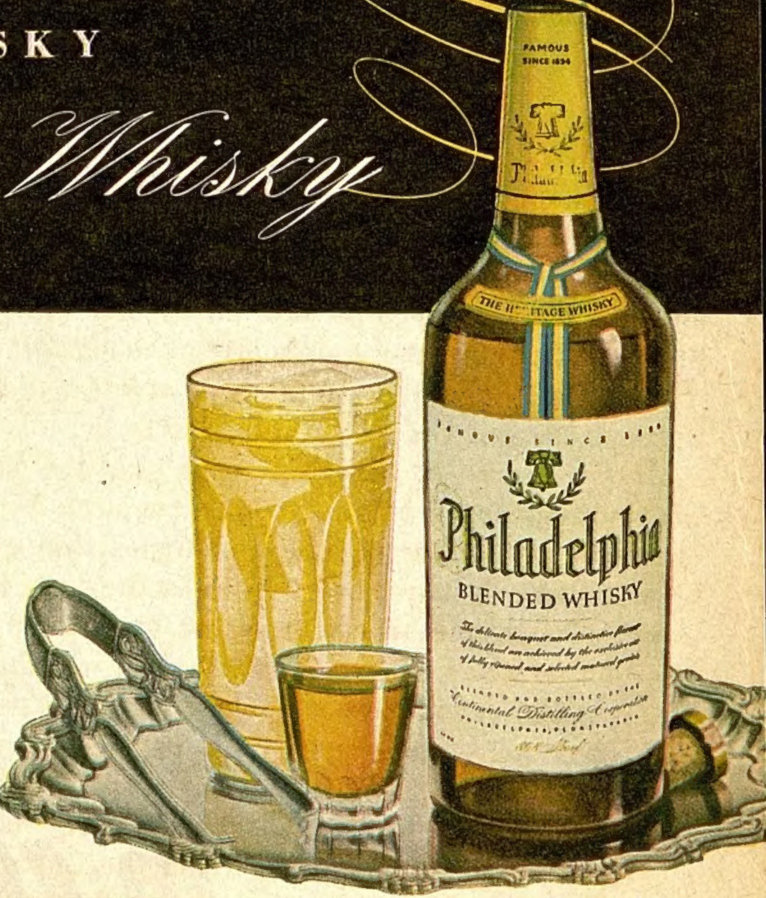
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